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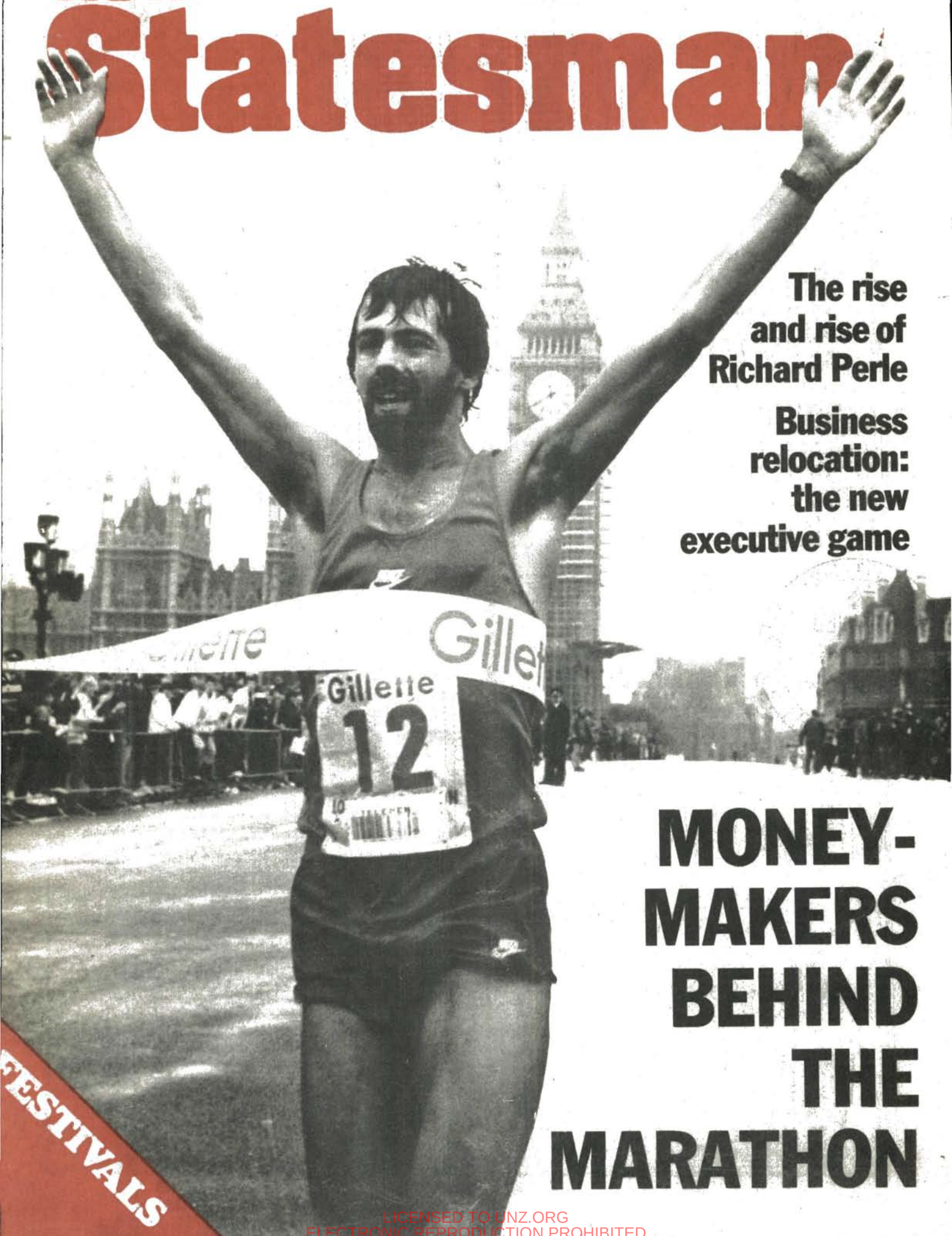

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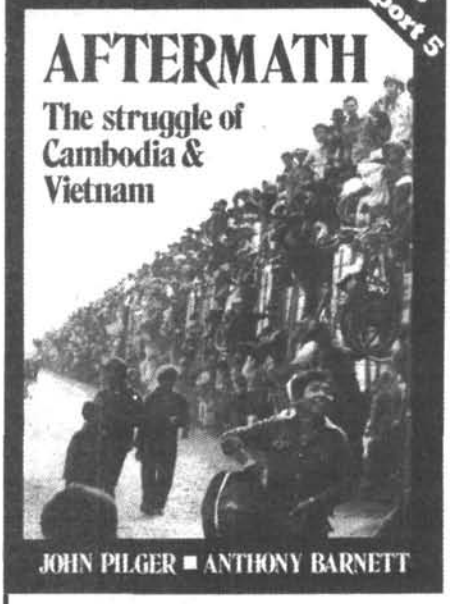

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New Statesman Vol 105 No 2718 22 April 1983

Still quite unacceptable

MUCH PUBLICITY was given last week to the fact that the Home Secretary, in the face of concerted lobbying from professional bodies and civil libertarians, had agreed to give up important sections of the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill. Mr Whitelaw has in effect conceded that the teeth will be drawn from the controversial clauses 9 and 10, which would have given the police wide powers to search houses for evidence and to take the confidential records of professionals, such as doctors and social workers.

It would be silly not to welcome this government withdrawal. The danger, though, is that it will make the bill as a whole appear more acceptable. Yet, if the rest of the bill was enacted in anything like its present form, it would be a massive erosion of civil liberties in this country. The political defeat of clauses 9 and 10 is evidence that middle-class and professional groups and journalists can still protect themselves against statutory attack from the entrenched anti-libertarians of the Home Office.

It was a rude shock to these groups to discover how the police and Home Office draftsmen approach issues involving the rights of the citizen. The majority of the country knew already. In the climate created by Thatcherism and its unthinking projection of the law and order issue, a bill that was largely initiated as an attempt to regulate the abuse of police power after the notorious Confait case has been turned into a vehicle for a further serious lurch towards a police state.

The bill still contains quite unnecessarily wide powers for the police to 'stop and search'. The exercise of such powers would further damage community relations for precisely the same reason as they were damaged by the old 'sus' law. It also still contains powers to arrest for quite trivial offences, for example for dropping litter, if the police have reason to doubt the name and address given by the person involved. The wholly objectionable proposals for 'intimate body search' – which police doctors do not want to have to perform – remain, though the idea of the police being encouraged to carry them out instead would presumably be too much even for the Home Office.

But the most violent affront to civil liberties still in the bill are the powers to detain persons for long periods without charge. (The practical experience of similar powers in Scotland shows the real dangers involved.) A proud principle of British law until now has always been that someone arrested on suspicion of a crime must be charged at once or released. The supposed concession that someone can only be held without charge for up to 96 hours if the matter concerns a 'serious arrestable offence' is quite unacceptable. The interpretation of the phrase is left to the subjective judgment of the police. Even if the definition could be made tighter, the principle is itself unacceptable. Given the circumstances of the original Confait case, it is grotesque that the bill does nothing substantial to improve the rights of children in police custody and makes no mention at all of the mentally handicapped. In any case, such safeguards as would exist are largely valueless since the bill refuses to exclude as legitimate evidence in court material that has been improperly obtained by the police.

It would be encouraging if the articulate pressure groups that defeated clauses 9 and 10 were to lend their persuasion to these other abusive clauses, though in the nature of the British system that is unlikely. The bill might still fall with an early general election. But it is essential to the cause of civil liberty in this country that all non-Tory political parties should commit themselves to the repeal of its offensive sections, if it is enacted. Any subsequent police bill should feature prominently rules about excluding improperly obtained evidence, the tape recording of evidence, the introduction of an independent prosecutor's service, an independent system for the investigation of complaints against the police and the whole issue of making the police accountable. □

Edwardes's strike

BRITISH LEYLAND WENT bust in 1975. It did so because it had been run into the ground by its incompetent private sector management. When BL was saved by the taxpayer, it was discovered to have no new models capable of capturing future markets, no money for capital investment, a management that had largely accepted defeat and one of the worst patterns of industrial relations in the United Kingdom.

In its new state as a nationalised industry a compact was struck. Money would be provided to keep the company going until new models could be produced and properly marketed. In return the business was to be put into viable condition on the basis that the old regime of industrial relations would be replaced by a sustained and genuine experiment in industrial democracy. What followed have come to be known as the Edwardes years. The money was spent, the models were produced, the company moved to a somewhat firmer financial base. But next to nothing was done about industrial democracy. That chicken has come firmly home to roost with the Cowley 'washing time' dispute.

The issue was not about a few minutes at the end of a shift. It was a symbolic statement that in 1983 tough, dictatorial management cannot get away with it for ever, even in the kind of Britain that Mrs Thatcher and Mr Tebbit are hoping to create. The dispute also shows that collusive understandings between the managements of large companies and the national officers of large unions are not a substitute for proper internal industrial relations. This Cowley dispute is unequivocally the fault of the management that Edwardes left behind him. □

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Truth about Salem oil leaks out

A REMARKABLE South African memorandum on the affair of the scuttled *Salem* highlights the embarrassment faced by the major oil companies over charges of sanctions-busting.

An official document prepared by the South African Strategic Fuel Fund confirms that both the government and Shell went to great lengths to avoid a court case over the $56 million *Salem* swindle in order to prevent details of Pretoria's oil supply routes being subjected to international scrutiny.

Three years ago Shell International bought the *Salem*'s cargo of 193,000 tons of Kuwaiti oil in the spot market for delivery to France. But the crooks behind the *Salem* fraud made a secret stop in Durban where the oil was stolen from Shell International and pumped ashore. Two weeks later the supertanker was scuttled off the coast of Senegal in a vain attempt to disguise the fact that its cargo had been stolen and sold to the South Africans. The $56 million swindle has gone down as the largest fraud in maritime history.

After it was discovered that the *Salem* had discharged at Durban, Shell International began legal action against the Strategic Fuel Fund (SFF), the South Africa state agency which procures oil for local oil companies. But a few weeks later, Shell International formally conceded that the *Salem*'s cargo of crude oil 'could be processed without prejudice' at South African refineries. This suggests that the oil may have actually been refined by Shell South Africa, since it is difficult to see why Shell International would have granted this concession had the oil belonged to a rival company in South Africa.

The South African memorandum goes on to explain that in April 1980 the SFF reached a deal with Shell International whereby the procurement agency would pay Shell $30.5 million, approximately half of the cargo's value, in return for an undertaking that further legal action to reclaim the remaining millions would be dropped.

This deal was acceptable to both parties because 'a settlement was preferable to a drawn out court case which on the known facts, could be risky for both parties'. The SFF adds that 'some of the crude oil was delivered to local oil companies and it could have caused the oil companies concerned international embarrassment which was not in their and South Africa's interest'.

These revelations were sparked off by a three-year legal battle between Shell International and its Lloyd's insurance underwriter. Two months ago the House of Lords ruled that Shell was not entitled to insurance money on the *Salem*'s oil that was delivered in South Africa on the grounds that it was not 'taken at sea' – a sixteenth century expression covering piracy or enemy seizure. Instead, the Law Lords ruled, the cargo was effectively stolen before the tanker had left Kuwait, leaving Shell International with a loss of about $20 million.

The House of Lords judgement led to a major political row in South Africa when Opposition MP John Malcomess read out extracts from the ruling, asking how the SFF had been conned by the *Salem* swindlers. After initially threatening to take action against Malcomess for breaking South Africa's draconian oil secrecy law, the government finally backed down and presented parliament with a detailed 17-page memorandum on the *Salem* affair.

This is the first official account of the problems that South Africa faces in buying essential oil supplies. It admits that during the 1979 Iranian oil crisis, South African importers 'literally lived from hand to mouth, they had to purchase in the highly unfavourable spot markets and furthermore, had to conceal deliveries'.

The memorandum also suggests that the government operates a system whereby the local subsidiaries of the international oil companies (including the British-owned Shell and BP) receive a subsidy to cover the additional costs that South Africa has to pay because of the OPEC embargo. In December 1979 two of the five local subsidiaries of the international oil companies imported shipments of crude oil at record prices. The authorities then decided against unlimited subsidies, and the oil companies responded that in this case they would be unable to obtain supplies. So 'in order to prevent refineries being without crude oil in early 1980, it was decided to purchase this bridging shipment'. The owners of the *Salem* stepped in with their offer.

In August 1980 Attorney General Sir Michael Havers authorised the issue of arrest warrants for four of the men behind the *Salem* fraud. All are foreign citizens living abroad and outside British jurisdiction. But one of them, Rotterdam trader Anton Reidel, is due to be tried in the Dutch courts within the next few weeks on a fraud charge. His evidence may help answer the intriguing question of who actually set up the *Salem* swindle.

Meanwhile South Africa still faces an embargo by all OPEC members. Even today, the SFF memorandum warns, 'the current soft market should not create a false sense of security' and 'there are still active attempts by the enemies of South Africa to prevent or hinder the delivery of crude oil.'

Martin Bailey

Yarn spinners' picket

MALCOLM RAWSON, the managing director of a Leeds spinning mill, thinks his mainly Asian workers are 'basically illiterate'. This is why they cannot understand their wage slips and think he is fiddling them. Rather than allow them to negotiate their wages through a union, Rawson and Derek Bedford, his fellow director at Aire Valley Yarns, have sacked the Asians who have been mounting a continuous picket for over a month.

They have been supported by workers at nearby Busfield dyeing mill, who are boycotting yarn from Atlantic Yarns of which Rawson and Bedford are also directors. Atlantic Yarns contracts out the finishing work on Aire Valley's yarn. Last Tuesday a third director of Atlantic Yarns, Michael Thomas, sought an injunction against Peter Booth, a full time TGWU official and a shop steward from Busfield, to prohibit them from inducing any breach of contract under the new law against sympathy union action. However, the case was not heard as the two defendants gave an assurance they would not induce others to breach their contract.

Trouble first flared at Aire Valley Yarns two months ago when the Asian workers began to organise a branch of the Transport and General Workers' Union (TGWU), despite warning from the floor manager that previous attempts had failed. Twenty-one out of 22 Asians joined. The remaining eight employees, including staff, are white and did not join.

Derek Bedford then offered the union's shop steward and prime mover, Liaquat Ali, a ten pound note to disband the union. When this did not work he threatened to sack Liaquat Ali and carried out the threat on 14 March.

The other Asians stopped work in sympathy and Derek Bedford asked them to leave the premises. They refused until their shift changed, but when they turned up next day they found themselves locked out. 'Sorry, no dogs allowed,' Liaquat Ali claims Derek Bedford told him through the door.

That same day the locked-out workers were sent dismissal notices. They have since mounted a daily 24-hour picket, operating in three eight-hour shifts, and the TGWU has made the dispute official.

But this has not stopped Messrs Rawson and Bedford recruiting new Asian workers. The technique, according to pickets, is to employ someone to knock on the doors in the Asian community, saying: 'Do you want a job?' And the pickets claim that all sorts of methods have been used to get the recruits into the mill – including wrapping them up in rolls of carpets and smuggling them in.

So work goes on at Aire Valley Yarns. There the new recruits can discover that their basic wage is £1.02 per hour, they work a 12-hour shift five days a week, and are expected to work weekend overtime. (The white workers do a 40-hour week.)

Gordon Wilson

Liaquat Ali and picket at Aire Valley Yarns

Leeds Other Paper

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Sad news

AFTER appearing every fortnight for the past 11 years, *Gay News* ceased publication last week. Staff at the paper are now hoping to buy the title and re-launch it as soon as possible.

Whether they succeed will depend largely on the attitude of two men – Robert Palmer, the present owner of the paper, and Denis Lemon, who sold it to him last year. Palmer transferred the ownership of the title last Friday from his own company, Robert Palmer Marketing, to a company owned by his friend Alan Clarke. The title may therefore be beyond the reach of the liquidator.

Palmer still owes Lemon a great deal of money, so it is possible that he might hand over the title to Lemon in return for having his debts written off. But the pair may be unable to reach agreement: on 8 April Palmer and his lawyer, David Warner, wrote a letter to Denis Lemon in which they said that Lemon was not owed a penny as *Gay News* had never been his to sell.

Until the beginning of last week, staff at *Gay News* hoped that the newly-created Greater London Enterprise Board (GLEB) would give them a £50,000 loan. They believed that this, together with the £50,000 they had raised from private sources, would enable them to buy the paper and keep it going. John Dinsdale, an investment executive at GLEB, told *Gay News* staff on Friday 8 April that he was 'optimistic'. However, later the same day he discussed the loan with his divisional director at GLEB 'and we decided we couldn't take it any further'. Staff at *Gay News* are bitterly critical of GLEB's behaviour.

Gay News has been in a financial mess for the best part of a year now, mainly because of the £120,000 which had to be paid to Denis Lemon after he sold the paper to Robert Palmer, who had no real capital of his own. The paper's office in west London had to be sold to raise money for Lemon. There were also staff redundancies and a reduction in the number of pages in the paper.

On Monday this week, with his company crashing about his ears, Robert Palmer rang the *Gay News* staff to tell them that he was going on a course at the London Graduate School of Business Studies.

Francis Wheen

Adam Smithites' take-away zones

THE PEOPLE who brought you enterprise zones and freeports have come up with another bright idea. The Adam Smith Institute, a right-wing ginger group with easy access to the Conservative policy-makers, brought enterprise zones to the attention of Chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe, but disowned the idea almost as soon as Sir Geoffrey adopted it as his pet scheme.

It then backed freeports as the best means of setting up Hong Kong or Singapore-style unbridled capitalism in such unlikely sites as Felixstowe and Birmingham airport. Howe gave the go-ahead to the idea in his Budget this year.

Now the Adam Smith Institute thinks that such zones and ports will not achieve the sweatshop nirvana it seeks. It agrees with left-wing critics that they have succeeded only in shifting jobs from one place to another within deprived areas.

'The weaknesses of enterprise zones stem from their locations in geographical space,' says Dr Madsen Pirie, president of the Institute in the UK. (The Institute, which also operates in the US, is registered as a charity here, 'for the advancement of learning by research into policy issues.')

So the Institute will shortly be publishing a paper extolling the benefits of 'portable enterprise zones', which will enable selected businesses to set up anywhere and take with them exemption from rates and government regulations – such as planning permission and industrial training requirements.

The original enterprise zone idea was taken up with enthusiasm by the Institute when it was suggested by town planner Sir Peter Hall in 1977, but when it saw the government's proposals it disassociated itself from the idea. Pirie accuses civil servants of over-emphasising elements of 'familar old regional assistance policy'.

The idea now is to apply the same enterprise zone principle to a sector of industry rather than a geographical area. 'The sector we are looking at most closely is job-creating new firms,' says Pirie. In other words, it is very like the familiar old 'business start-up' scheme that the government uses to aid the launch of new companies.

John Rentoul

MISCELLANY

Levelling out

Civil war has broken out in the little Oxfordshire town of Burford, where three Levellers were executed in the last English civil war (on 14 May 1649, to be precise). Since 1976 the local industrial branch of the Workers' Education Association has held an annual commemorative ceremony at Church House, Burford, on the Saturday nearest the anniversary of the killings. The local Tories are none too happy about this: they say that *they* are the true inheritors of the Leveller spirit and that those damned Lefties should keep away. Last year the WEA told the bookings secretary at Church House that it would like to use the hall on Saturday 14 May 1983. Fine, she replied. A few weeks ago the WEA found to its horror that the local Tories had been allowed to book the hall for a jumble sale on 14 May; for good measure, they had also booked it for a jumble sale on the following Saturday. 'It is a quite obvious move by the Tories to suppress this chapter of history,' says the WEA's Phil Fryer. When he asked the bookings secretary for an explanation 'she said that for some reason our booking hadn't gone into the book.' So this year's ceremony, including a torchlight procession, will now take place on Friday 13 May. As in previous years, the local vicar, Rev. Parsons (brother of TV quizmaster Nicholas Parsons), will bless the plaque on the church wall where the

Colin Wheeler

Levellers were shot. The local Tories are annoyed that the vicar should be so hospitable to the Left; they are likely to be even more apoplectic when they learn that the guest speakers at *next* year's ceremony will be our old chums Tony Benn and Ken Livingstone.

If you wish to attend, ring Phil Fryer on Oxford 721277.

Loss of memory

A cautionary tale of the new technology. In April 1981 Mirror Group Newspapers' cuttings library, which serves the *Daily Mirror*, *Sunday Mirror* and *Sunday People*, installed five gleaming new 'Questicon' machines made by Image Systems Inc. of America. Gone were the old scissors and paste; instead, all newspaper cuttings were fed into the Questicons, with their impressive armoury of video screens, computer memories and microfiche photocopiers. Unfortunately, the machines kept breaking down. Engineers did their best to keep repairing them but eventually, last Christmas, the five machines gave one final wheeze and conked out completely. The bemused librarians have gone back to their scissors-and-paste methods. Only one problem remains: all the newspaper cuttings for the period from April 1981 to December 1982 are 'locked' into the monstrous Questicons, and no amount of coaxing can get them out. So, if articles in the *Mirror* seem rather short of references to anything that happened in the past two years, try to show some sympathy.

Healthy exercise

By the end of this month, every civil servant in Britain should have received three personally-addressed envelopes offering 'a special scheme for civil servants'. The scheme in question is private health, and the three offers come from BUPA, WPA Supercover and PPP Masterplan. What is most intriguing, however, is that the civil service apparently feels so benignly disposed towards private health that it is delivering all the letters itself. The private health companies simply leave huge bundles of the envelopes, unaddressed, at the stores of each civil service department. The bundles are then split up and delivered, in an official car, to each office of that department, where office juniors laboriously inscribe the name of every staff member on to the envelopes; these are then delivered by hand. If it weren't for Margaret Thatcher's reassuring promise that the National Health Service 'is safe in our hands', suspicious folk might almost be tempted to see all this as a gigantic and obvious attempt to undermine the NHS.

PS: Any civil servant attracted by the notion of 'a special scheme for civil servants' ought to be warned that the terms being offered aren't noticeably different from those available to the general public.

As he was saying . . .

On Monday, the *Guardian*'s Agenda page printed an article by Peter Tatchell. 'There are already too many clones from the Labour candidate factory,' he wrote, 'moderate, middle-class, middle-aged, married, macho and male.' He added: 'Allowing others to dictate Labour's choice of candidates is only one step away from allowing them to determine our policies as well.' Stirring stuff, but we couldn't help feeling a sense of *déjà vu* as we read it. After all, it was only two weeks earlier that the newspaper *Socialist Organiser* printed an interview with Tatchell in which he said: 'Effectively they're saying that we should allow Fleet Street to choose our candidates. That's only one step away from allowing Fleet Street to choose our policies as well. And that would mean that every Labour candidate would be moderate, middle-aged, married, macho and male.' These phrases will run and run.

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Growing pressure to oust Irish Labour Party

WORKERS at the famous Waterford Glass company are no longer receiving wages for their week's work. Instead their pay packet comes in the form of a loan from the management, from which no deductions have been made for income tax or pay related social insurance. This arrangement, agreed between the unions and the company, is part of a growing revolt by Ireland's hard pressed PAYE workers against swingeing increases in tax and insurance deductions which have begun to bite in earnest this month.

Last week, 120,000 people (out of a workforce of less than a million) took to the streets in demonstrations against the disproportionately heavy tax burden they have to bear, compared to farmers and the self-employed. Their placards left no doubt as to where their anger was mainly directed – the Irish Labour Party, which is the junior partner in Garret FitzGerald's coalition. At the main demonstration in Dublin one union leader said, to loud applause, that the time had come for the trade unions to reconsider their traditional affiliation to the Labour Party.

To add to the party's problems, Ireland's tough young Minister of Finance, Alan Dukes, chose the day of the demonstrations to tell the Confederation of Irish Industry that he was already considering further cuts in the public services. This drew a public rebuke from Dick Spring, the Labour Party leader and deputy prime minister, but not in time to prevent John Carroll, leader of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union, from commenting: 'It is about time that the Labour ministers and supporters of Coalition Government realised that they are merely propping up a Fine Gael party committed to Thatcherism, Reaganism and monetarism.'

Peace of a sort was restored by the personal intervention of FitzGerald at a one day 'think in' last Monday to consider the government's economic policy. But the stresses within the Labour Party show no sign of diminishing. Already one of Mr Spring's small band of Labour deputies in the Dail has resigned the whip in protest against the Social Welfare Bill, which cuts benefits to those in part-time employment.

Growing disillusion among Labour supporters has been exacerbated by the unbelievable ineptitude with which the government has handled a number of sensitive issues. Dr FitzGerald's last government fell because of a decision to introduce VAT on children's clothing. There is no sign that his relatively inexperienced team has learned the lessons of that debacle. Among policy measures which they have floated (and afterwards withdrawn in the face of public anger) have been cuts in remedial teaching and in the free school bus service. They have also suggested a ten per cent wage cut for public transport workers and giving a day's work free 'for Ireland'.

The government now faces defeat on an issue which continues to dominate day to day politics, the constitutional referendum on abortion. In an effort to repair his liberal image Dr FitzGerald has drawn back from the original wording for the amendment, proposed by Fianna Fail, guaranteeing to protect the life of the unborn child. Instead he is proposing simply to restate the present position as defined by the 1861 Offences against the Person Act making abortion illegal. The effect of this has been to enrage the 'Pro-Life' Lobby while in no way lessening the dismay of those critics who object to the amendment in principle.

Dr FitzGerald has now said that he intends to impose the whip on the referendum debate and at least five of his own deputies, who are active supporters of the 'Pro Life' Lobby, are poised to defy it. If they do defy the whips the longer term implications for relations between Fine Gael and the Labour Party are very serious.

Mary Holland

A Scot bids for Rhondda

LAST YEAR'S Chairman of the Scottish Labour Party, 29-year-old George Galloway, is causing ripples in the tepid waters of South Wales politics with his campaign for the Labour nomination in Rhondda.

The late Alec Jones MP had the biggest Labour majority in Britain at the last election and Galloway, the party's full-time organiser in Dundee, is hoping to use the traditional power-base of the NUM as his key to the nomination.

Unfortunately for him, only one of the lodges affiliated to the party has sent delegates to the GMC. But Galloway believes the union's traditional clout will make him a force to be reckoned with. He has also won the backing of his own union, the TGWU and its regional secretary George Wright – also secretary of the Wales TUC.

Wright has been vocal in his support for Galloway – which has annoyed another candidate for the nomination, former chairwoman of the WTUC Sylvia Jones. She claims Labour voters will stay away from the polls if the party picks an outsider. Two MEPs, Ann Clwyd and Allan Rogers, and a number of local politicians have also entered the race.

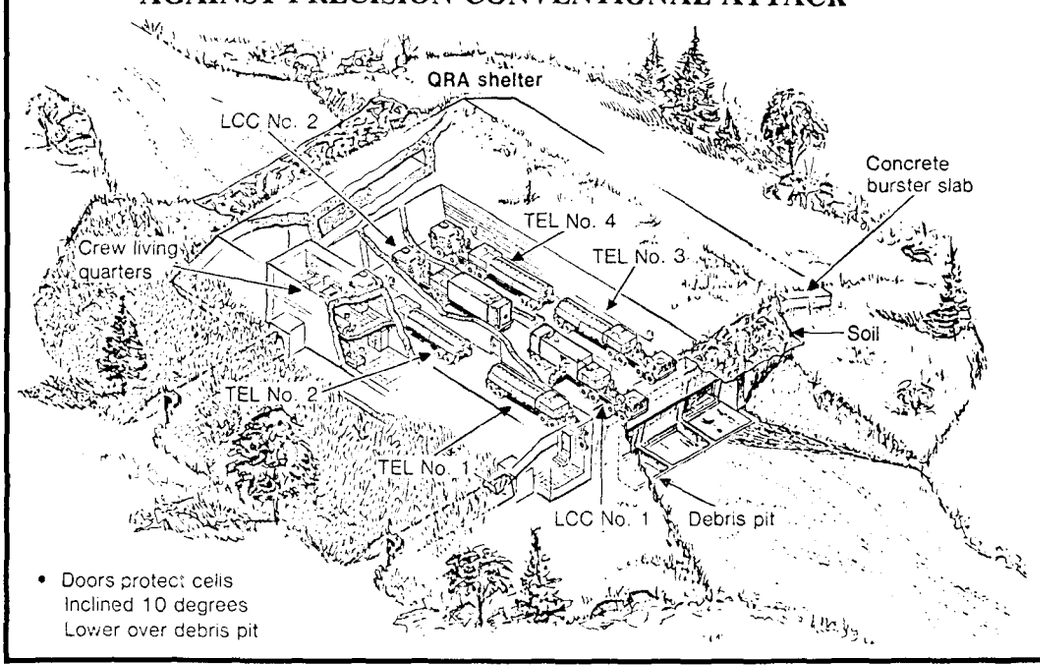
Galloway sees himself following in the footsteps of Keir Hardie, a Scot who represented Merthyr and Aberdare. 'There's a terrific affinity between the Welsh and Scots and I've met nothing but warmth and friendship down here. There's been no kind of hostility and a lot of people have been embarrassed by some of the statements which have been made,' he said.

In his view, the problems of South Wales and Scotland are very similar and require the same solution – Labour's alternative economic strategy, withdrawal from the EEC and nuclear disarmament. He sees himself as a member of the 'Tribunite' Left who can appeal to the residual radicalism of the party's ageing membership in the Rhondda.

Whether he can outflank the local candidates at the selection conference on 12 May remains to be seen. He certainly believes he's the man the valley needs. 'This by-election is going to be important well beyond the constituency. All eyes will be on the candidates. There will be the same high-powered media circus which broke the SDP candidate in Darlington – so the party needs someone who can stand up to that kind of barrage,' he said, with the self-confidence which has marked his Welsh campaign.

James Stewart

Inside a cruise bunker



Diagrams prepared by the US corporation General Dynamics, and here published for the first time in Britain, show what it is like inside a cruise missile bunker at Greenham Common. Each bunker holds 16 missiles in four TELs – Transporter-Erector-Launchers. Also in the bunker are two Launch Control Centres (LCCs) for the 'flight' of 16 missiles. Crew living quarters, shown lower left, are for one flight which is intended permanently to be on Quick Reaction Alert (QRA) – ready to fire at less than 15 minutes' notice. They would just drive the launchers out and fire. The first missiles are scheduled to begin operations at Greenham Common at the end of 1983. A further diagram in the same series shows that the US Air Force plans to set up a Central Repair Facility/Depot somewhere in England to service all European cruise missile bases and their missiles. The new base may be RAF Kemble, near Gloucester, now being developed as a USAF repair depot.

Duncan Campbell

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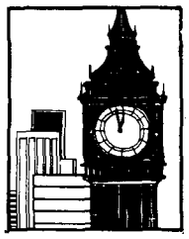

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

When the Left sacrifices principle for power

HERE ARE SOME not quite random facts – three from the last few weeks, one from further back:

● The Bermondsey Labour Party has decided not to reselect Peter Tatchell as its parliamentary candidate for the next general election. The party thinks it would have a better chance of victory if it chose someone else.

● Some leading CND activists with an unquestioned commitment to socialism are thinking of advising members in certain constituencies to vote Liberal rather than Labour – not necessarily because the local Liberal candidate is better on disarmament issues, but to back the candidate with the best hope of beating the Tories.

● My local constituency Labour Party recently chose as its parliamentary candidate a confirmed left-winger who, nevertheless, told our selection meeting that Michael Foot should give way to Denis Healey as party leader, on the grounds that Labour couldn't win under Foot, but might under Healey.

● Six years ago, Tony Benn decided not to resign from the Cabinet when it accepted the economic policy changes demanded by the International Monetary Fund. His reason, he later explained, was that resignations at that stage risked provoking the collapse of the Callaghan government, and propelling Mrs Thatcher to Downing Street two years early.

These events have something in common. In each case expediency was placed before principle. In the case of Bermondsey, Peter Tatchell wrote bitterly in last Monday's *Guardian*: 'I agree that winning the seat back is important, but at what price?' Tatchell proceeded to argue that the price – Labour having to choose candidates who would not be pilloried by the tabloid press – is too high.

The more important point, however, is that Tatchell implicitly accepted that a trade-off existed and that Labour would stand a better chance of recovering Bermondsey with another candidate. He would evidently prefer the Bermondsey Labour Party to surrender the seat (for one more election, anyway), but retain its principles.

This is a perfectly respectable position to hold. Unlike some left-wingers, Tatchell does not seek to evade the foreseeable consequences of his views. But his comrades in Bermondsey chose to put power before purity, just as Tony Benn did in 1977, my local candidate a few weeks ago, and those CND socialists are doing now. Whether they were, or are, correct in their analysis is, for the moment, beside the point. (I am far from certain that Benn's resignation would have precipitated the fall of the Callaghan government.) The point, rather, is that politics keeps springing these awkward choices upon even its most devoted practitioners. And the nagging worry is always the same: if principle is sacrificed now, will it ever be recovered? Alternatively, if power is sacrificed now, are we not condemned to permanent opposition and impotence?

In a book published last week Austin Mitchell* set out the case for putting power first:

> Power, principles, party, people are the parameters within which Labour operates, the four poles which determine its nature . . . The poles are vital but not co-equal. The greatest of these is power. To secure it, locally and nationally, is the *raison d'etre* of a political party, the only way to further the interests of its people or implement the smallest part of its ideology. Without such a commitment it would be a discussion group, the National Union of Gurus and Related Trades.

MITCHELL IS SURELY right – up to a point. It is worth subordinating a great deal to the task of winning power, especially when the alternative is five more years of Mrs Thatcher, but is it worth subordinating *everything*? At what point, and on what grounds, is it worth saying, along with Peter Tatchell, that preserving principles is more important than securing electoral victory?

In the normal cycle of events, the Labour Party has developed a practical, if philosophically inadequate, way of handling this problem. When there is no election on the horizon it veers towards principle – or, rather, towards angry disputes between rival principles, without a care for the public impact that those disputes might have – and lurches back towards concern for power as each election approaches.

The events of the past three years fit that pattern exactly. In 1980 and 1981 Labour experienced its constitutional battles, followed by the contest for the deputy leadership of the party. Now everybody (well, almost everybody) discovers that suddenly they can work together in harmony. A few voices from the Left can be heard to complain that the party leadership is on the way to watering down Conference commitments on disarmament and Europe, and that an incomes policy in disguise is being put together. What they do not take into account is that Labour has undergone one of its periodic transformations from spectator sport to power-seeker.

It is, perhaps, inevitable that the Left should lose ground at this time. What was not inevitable was that it should find itself this spring in headlong retreat. Witness the spectacle of left-wingers rushing to the defence of Michael Foot's leadership when the press reported it to be under assault. Many of these left-wingers were the same people who chose to defy Foot's position, first on the leadership electoral college, and then in the deputy leadership contest. In their pursuit of 'principle' two years ago they went some way to undermining the position of the best leader the Left has ever had.

For the moment the party leadership is not an issue. But six weeks ago it was, and it could become one again. If it does, those left-wingers who, rightly or wrongly, think that Denis Healey would be more likely to lead Labour to victory will once more have to wrestle with the question: do they back principles (and Foot) or expediency (and Healey)? For many of them it will be an agonising dilemma. My argument, however, is that the dilemma will be largely of their own making. Choices between principle and expediency always have a history. They may not be avoidable now, but they could have been avoided had different judgments been made in the past.

Those left-wingers who are untroubled by the prospect of another Conservative government need not worry about such matters. But these people are still in a minority. It is significant that Peter Tatchell's eloquent defence of his right to remain Bermondsey's candidate was overwhelmingly rejected by the very people who stood by him when he was initially rejected by Labour's National Executive, and later vilified by the *Sun* and the *Daily Mail*.

Perhaps the real trade-off for Labour left-wingers should not be between principle and expediency today, when a general election may be only weeks away, but between principle and expediency over the whole period of opposition. With Labour still trailing the Conservatives in the polls, and the indelible image in the public mind of a divided party, many left-wingers are contemplating concessions to the Right they would have roundly rejected a year or two ago. Maybe had they paid a little more attention to expediency then, they could have more successfully defended their principles today. □

**The Case For Labour* published by Longmans, £2.95. Other books in the same series are *The Tory Case* by Chris Patten, and *The Case for the Liberal Party and the Alliance* by Alan Beith.

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Running into trouble

Sunday's dust may have settled, but not the financial controversy surrounding the London Marathon. Duncan Campbell examines the involvement of Christopher Brasher and Fleetfoot

AS 18,000 RUNNERS, this writer included, pounded or plodded around 26 miles of London last Sunday, the organisation of the London Marathon itself was running into serious – and very public – difficulties. For two years, the race organisers, former Olympic athletes Christopher Brasher and John Disley, have appeared to regard the event as their private property, shared only with the Amateur Athletic Association – without accountability to public bodies like the GLC, whose investment in the event substantially exceeds that of the well-advertised commercial sponsors.

Organisers Brasher and Disley have also been dishonest about their personal return from running the marathon, which includes both fees paid directly and substantial indirect earnings from their jointly owned shoe business.

Rival running shoe companies are bitter that Brasher and Disley have on each occasion but one secured exclusively for their own company the most valuable shoe advertising opportunity in Britain. This is the mailing list of the 100,000 or so prospective entrants for each year's Marathon.

There is also concern among some of the Governors of the London Marathon Ltd, a registered charity with the aim of promoting sport in London, that the detailed financial operation of the marathon is in the hands only of Brasher and Disley and a few other sports officials, while the public bodies and figures nominally in charge have little control of the event. All the marathon's financial affairs are handled by a separate company, London Marathon (Promotions) Ltd, in which Brasher and Disley own half the shares (see diagram). It was only seven months ago that a trust deed was signed which would prevent Brasher's company from disregarding the wishes of the umbrella charity.

Among ordinary runners, there is considerable annoyance at the complex and burdensome entry system for selecting 18-19,000 runners out of at least four times that number applying. This year's procedure forced applicants first to pass the hurdle of a bitter November night, sleeping in a queue outside a Post Office – or bribing or cajoling another to do it for them. Many objected to the free entries subsequently handed out to celebrities. (*Mea culpa*; the press were also accorded this privilege.) Characteristically, Mr Brasher devoted much of the year's first press conference on the 1983 Marathon to pouring scorn on to those who had criticised his entry system.

Accounts of the Brasher/Disley company – Fleetfoot Limited – show that in the first year of the London Marathon, the company made profits of £18,000 and Brasher and Disley were paid £16,000 as directors. For the company's first two years before the marathon, put together, the total profit was only £928, and the directors were paid less than £7,000.

In 1978 (the year before Brasher proposed organising the first London marathon) he and Disley secured an exclusive contract with a leading American shoe manufacturer, New Balance, to distribute their shoes in Britain. New Balance shoes are one of the two top-selling makes. Fleetfoot's turnover now approaches £1m a year.

Messrs Brasher and Disley's financial interests have been the subject of repeated criticism in the athletics press. It has invariably provoked Mr Brasher into strident and frequently abusive counterattacks. Asked by readers of *Athletics Weekly* last year to declare his business interests, he replied in January only that 'The *Observer* (for which he has been an occasional sports columnist) . . . pay me a salary – thank heaven!'. He branded the readers' inquiries 'libellous . . . the libel laws of the land are very severe on such people . . .'. Late in 1981 Brasher and Disley received between £50,000-£100,000 when they sold out their previous major financial interest, a company called Silva Compass Ltd.

When another runner wrote to the same magazine to ask whether Brasher was indeed an unpaid volunteer, as publicity implied, Brasher sent a personal reply:

> I am sure you will appreciate we do get thoroughly fed up with carping criticism . . . you want to know what I get personally out of the London Marathon . . . Other than a lot of trial and tribulations from a small minority, I and my colleagues get a lot of satisfaction from the enjoyment of the vast majority.

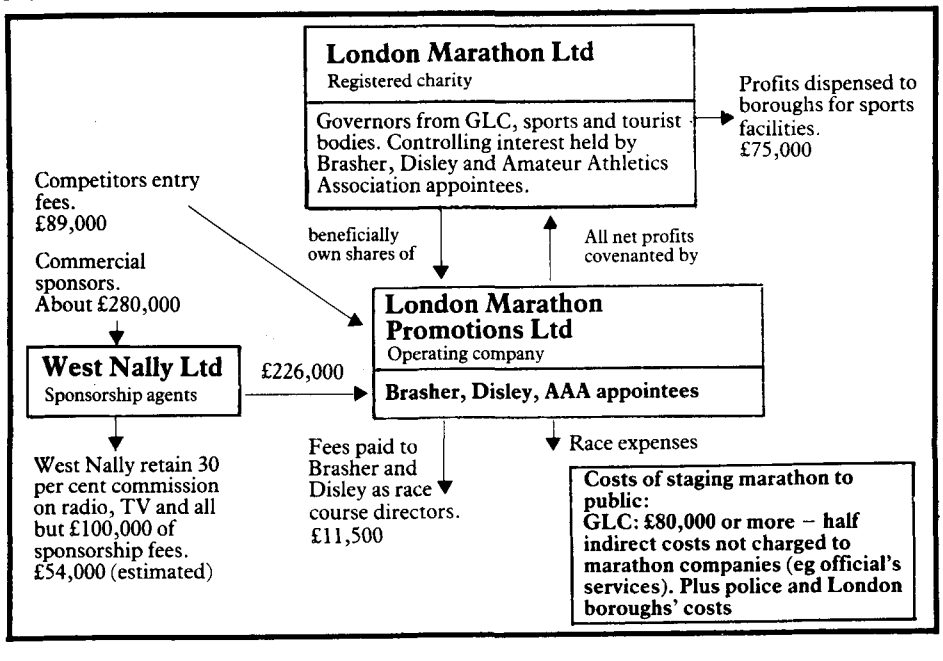
Untruthfully, he continued:

> As far as finances are concerned, we organised the 1981 event without paying anybody anything except their bare, out of pocket expenses.

We have obtained detailed accounts for the first two marathons. They show that Messrs Brasher and Disley in fact received total fees of £11,500 in 1982, and £1,500 in 1981. At first they were entered as 'Race Director's and Course Director's fees' (post held respectively by Brasher and Disley). Later, the description was altered from 'fees' to 'services'. But, on a *third*, summary version of

Although the London Marathon last year produced a profit of about £75,000 for London sports facilities, this is actually rather less than is paid by London ratepayers for local authority and other costs of the marathon, which are not charged to its formal expenses. The sum raised for charity is similar in magnitude to the fees paid to the sponsorship company West Nally Ltd, who generally charge 30 per cent. Thus almost a third of the payments for advertising, sponsorship, or radio and TV rights are deducted at source.

The two tier structure involves the 'great and good', representatives of bodies like the London Tourist Board, as Governors on the well-advertised umbrella charity. Rather less public are the constitutional arrangements within and between the two bodies, which give complete control to the four directors of the subordinate body. Until late last year, the charity did not have any authority over the operating company, save to receive any profit it made.


London Marathon Ltd
Registered charity
Governors from GLC, sports and tourist bodies. Controlling interest held by Brasher, Disley and Amateur Athletics Association appointees.
Profits dispensed to boroughs for sports facilities. £75,000
Competitors entry fees. £89,000
Commercial sponsors. About £280,000
beneficially own shares of
All net profits covenanted by
London Marathon Promotions Ltd
Operating company
Brasher, Disley, AAA appointees
West Nally Ltd
Sponsorship agents
£226,000
West Nally retain 30 per cent commission on radio, TV and all but £100,000 of sponsorship fees. £54,000 (estimated)
Fees paid to Brasher and Disley as race course directors. £11,500
Race expenses
Costs of staging marathon to public:
GLC: £80,000 or more – half indirect costs not charged to marathon companies (eg official's services). Plus police and London boroughs' costs

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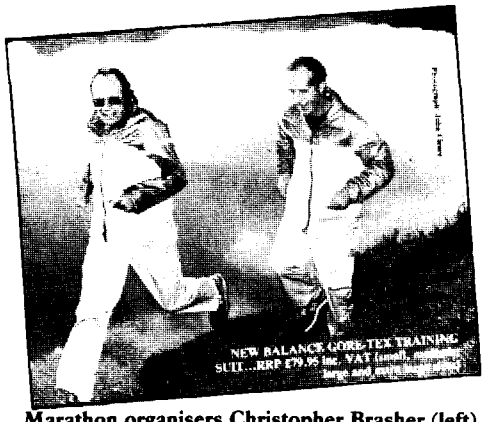

Marathon organisers Christopher Brasher (left) and John Disley

the accounts, which Brasher handed out during the 1983 Marathon press conference, their fees were re-identified as 'Secretarial and fees', thus avoiding disclosure that money was paid to company directors.

Mr Brasher claimed to the *New Statesman* this week that the fees of £1,500 he and John Disley received in 1981 were really payment in lieu of some personal expenses. He would not explain why he had then signed the London Marathon (Promotions) Ltd 1981 company accounts acknowledging the payments as 'Directors' remuneration', or why the press conference list identified his 'fees' (or 'expenses') as 'secretarial'.

THE CONFLICT OF INTEREST between Messrs Brasher and Disley's business interests and the interests of the marathon organisation arose most sharply last October. It appears that the charity may have lost up to £10,000 in income through a decision that Fleetfoot Ltd's chief British competitor, Inter shoes, was 'unsuitable' to advertise their shoes in mailing shots sent out to applicants for the London marathon.

In newspapers' reports last Sunday, Mr Brasher attempted to term this incident 'closed'. In fact it opens up most sharply the issues involved. Early in October, according to Inter's marketing director, Mr Terry Mackness, he was asked by the marathon sponsorship company, West Nally Ltd (see diagram) to bid in a telephone auction with other shoe companies for the exclusive rights to advertise in the mailing to entrants. He entered the bidding at £14,500, and waited to see if he would be bid up to his initial limit of £25,000 – which would have raised another £10,500 for the marathon.

Two days later, he says, West Nally rang back to say that the bidding was finished, and Inter had not been successful. They had been rejected from consideration, he was told, as 'unsuitable . . . not in the best interests of the marathon'. Brasher and Disley's company, Fleetfoot Ltd, had won.

This was the third time that Fleetfoot had secured London marathon mailing rights in controversial circumstances. For the 1981 marathon, the advertising opportunity was not offered to competing companies. This was criticised in the press, so in 1982 there was a sealed bidding competition, which was won by Inter, at a fee of about £5,000. Their 'exclusive' rights were watered down even then by a second mailing sent to entrants advertising Fleetfoot's shoes.

Fleetfoot's 1983 mailing to entrants made

'. . . the Times Educational Supplement . . . a thoroughly admirable publication; essential reading for the serious and ambitious school-teacher. . . . . one of the advantages enjoyed by an eighty-page educational magazine is the wealth of literary talent hanging around our colleges and universities waiting to write the odd freelance article. Which is why the TES is able to cover so much eclectic ground.' (Roy Hattersley, *Punch* March 16 1983).

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heavy use of Brasher and Disley's official connection with the marathon. The leaflet was signed by both men as chairman and director of Fleetfoot Ltd.

Since then, Mr Brasher has offered two new and conflicting accounts of why the bid from his chief British shoe rival was spurned by the marathon:

Version 1: – told in *Athletics Weekly* in January. An unnamed adjudicator was appointed by his London Marathon Promotions board. The adjudicator decided which products should succeed.

Version 2: – told privately since then to marathon Governors. At a late stage in discussions, it was suddenly discovered that there was a contract for New Balance shoes to have rights to the second mailing for 1982 *and* 1983. The contract was found in a drawer in the New Balance offices. The contract allowed New Balance the 1983 mailing for what they paid in 1982 – £12,000 – plus an index-linked increase. Brasher also says that despite operating the newly discovered contract to eliminate their competitor, New Balance did better the so-called 'auction' bid by paying more than £15,000. If this is so, it is – at best – unclear why three different, incompatible descriptions of the incident have been given.

BY THE TIME of last weekend's race, Mr Brasher had commented publicly several times about the unwelcome 'political intervention' of the GLC in insisting that two dozen disabled athletes should be allowed their own, wheelchair competition.

In the *Daily Mail*, he threatened that he would 'go it alone' if GLC Governors persisted in 'political intervention . . . in the administration'. Although the council's demand to allow wheelchair athletes to have their own race sparked this threat, it appears to have been a plan on Mr Brasher's mind for some time. Early in 1982, he asked the landlord of his Teddington shop premises – where his two other sports companies, Brasher Leisure Ltd and The Sweat Shop Ltd, are based – if offices above the shop might be available for the use of London Marathon Promotions.

For the moment, the tense relationship which appeared shortly before the event has been smoothed over in the well deserved euphoria of its successful completion. Questions about the nature of Brasher's financial involvement in the marathon, however, continue. Brasher's abrasive personal style has won him further critics. He and his colleagues say that because the event has been an enjoyable success all so-called 'knocking' is to be deplored.

Characteristically, once again, Mr Brasher appears to be unable to distinguish between criticism of the event itself and that directed at the behaviour of himself and his business partner, Mr John Disley. The event *per se* has few critics, and none from this quarter. The 'knocking' is directed solely at the hypocrisy and arrogance of Brasher's stance towards the runners, the public, their representatives, and the media. His conduct has fallen short of the standard to be expected of those running publicly subsidised organisations. □

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Privileged employers

Stephen Shotnes exposes the uneasy state of worker-management relations within the Commons itself

ALTHOUGH THE HOUSE of Commons is often called the 'best club in London' – facilities include smoking and tea rooms, numerous bars and restaurants, spacious riverside terrace with summer marquee, rifle range, gymnasium and sauna – there has been much recent complaint about the 'intolerable conditions' under which our MPs are supposed to toil. They complain of mediaeval slum conditions, cramped offices, lack of privacy and having to work in corridors. Have the Hon Members got their priorities in order?

But, if the plight of the 635 MPs is pitiable, what of the conditions of the 850 people actually employed by the Commons? They share the same anachronistic working conditions, without enjoying the facilities and benefits, and, because of Parliament's unique legal status, they lack statutory rights afforded to workers elsewhere.

Under the terms of the 1978 House of Commons (Administration) Act, workers are employed by the House of Commons Commission, made up of six MPs. Currently these are George Thomas (as Speaker), John Biffen (Leader of the House), John Silkin (nominated by the Leader of the Opposition) and three members appointed by the House itself – Alan Beith (Lib), Arthur Bottomley (Lab) and Sir Victor Goodhew (Con). Parliament's right to regulate its internal affairs dates back to the safeguarding of Parliamentary privilege under the Bill of Rights of 1689. The extent of these protected 'internal affairs' has been subject to differing pronouncements over the years, but the case of *Rex v. Graham-Campbell* ex parte Herbert (1935) is generally considered the current authority. A. P. Herbert, the writer and sometime Independent MP, initiated legal proceedings against the House for selling alcohol outside licensing hours. The ruling was that the courts had no jurisdiction over the matter, since it was an internal affair of the House.

This historical immunity means that unless provision is specifically made in legislation, Commons staff are not covered by the law, giving them fewer statutory rights, for example, than the civil service.

On questions of health and safety, the Staff Handbook informs employees that the House 'will endeavour to comply fully with . . . relevant statutory provisions as if they were binding on them . . . although it must be appreciated that the needs of the House must be taken into account'. Current facilities do not meet statutory requirements, according to Nick Odysseous, Commons branch Health and Safety Officer of the GMWU which represents over 90 per cent of the 250 catering workers at the House. The Factory Inspectorate has suggested that satisfactory cloakroom accommodation should include provision for drying wet outdoor clothes, sufficient space to change, and adequate precautions against theft.

The staff trade unions are equally disturbed at present about an undertaking which they are being asked to sign which would effectively prevent them from taking any industrial action. Between 1968 and 1975 staff unions – the CPSA, IPCS, CSO and FDA – agreed that any negotiations would respect 'the privileges of the House' and the 'absolute necessity' that its work 'must not be impeded'. When the internal organisation of the Commons was changed in 1978, all such undertakings became invalid. In current talks, the four unions – joined by another civil service union, the SCPS, and the Hotel and Catering Workers Union (GMWU) – are rejecting efforts to include a new 'non-impedence' clause in the recognition agreement. The CPSA, for example, recently passed a resolution widening its options to include unilateral all-out industrial action.

Union officials cite a one-night walkout by GMWU members in 1979 as an illustration of why this option is necessary. On that occasion, Commons catering workers were seeking non-contributory pension rights comparable to those elsewhere. Other Commons workers already had such agreements. After negotiating unsuccessfully for some time, staff held a walkout on the night that the Labour government was defeated on a no confidence motion. An offer of pensions up to a maximum lump sum after 30 years' service of £1,200 was made almost at once and rejected. Soon after the following gen-

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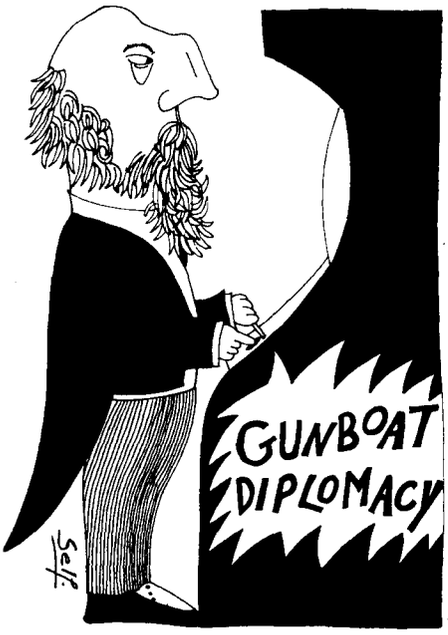

Will Self

eral election, a substantially increased offer was made, which the union accepted.

George Thomas, as Speaker, wields strong influence on the Commission's affairs. He is a staunch upholder of Westminster's long traditions. Last year, for example, a circular was distributed to staff from the Clerk of the House, Sir Charles Gordon, about the lack of 'formal respect' being shown to the Speaker. George Thomas had drawn his attention to the fact that staff were behaving discourteously by not standing still and facing inwards when Mr Speaker passed them in the corridor.

WHILE SOME MEMBERS have spoken out on behalf of employees, most have not actively concerned themselves. Earlier this year a committee comprised of both Members and staff initiated a campaign for a creche at the Commons and submitted an Early Day Motion, asking for the possibility to be examined. An amendment was tabled by Tony Marlow (Con), and signed by several other Members: 'This House believes that well-paid persons in professional occupations should provide for the care and nurturing of their offspring.' One staff member remarked: 'If he thinks we're all middle-class professional people, he must walk around the place with a blindfold on.'

Linda and Eileen (not their real names) are employed as General Assistants in the Refreshment Department. Both take home about £72 per week, including Inner London Weighting, for 40 hours' work. Eileen has two young children who stay with her mother while she works which meant, until she moved recently, considerable extra travel to and from her mother's before starting work. 'I started here working the evening shift (6pm until the House rises). (The House usually rises between 10pm and 3am. The exact time is unknown until about 30 minutes before. Sittings go through the night several times each year. These catering workers are paid a standard rate up to midnight, and time and a half thereafter.) My little girl was only ten months old and that was the only time when I could go to work. My sister would mind them from six until my husband finished work at ten (also at the Commons). I would grab a few hours sleep here and there.'

Linda pays for a minder to look after her 18-month-old son. Her other son spends most of the day at a local nursery. This costs her £24 per week. She says she hardly sees them: 'If there was a creche at the House I could be with them in my breaks and going to work. Also if they are taken ill.'

The creche campaign is likely to run up against the excuse of insufficient space, the reason for turning down a request for a creche in 1976. The same argument has also been used about improved changing facilities. Employees concede that there is a shortage of accommodation, but argue that it need not be so severe as it appears, if existing priorities were reviewed.

Staff cite the Commons gymnasium, open to some civil servants, as an example of space that could have been used for other purposes – and point to the rifle range and the existence of at least eight bars within the Palace. There is also resentment at the officially sanctioned system of segregation between House of Commons officers and the staff. An ordinary employee who hears a merry hubbub emanating from a bar at 4am during an all night sitting may be forgiven for reflecting on the workings of parliamentary democracy. They cannot even go in to buy a box of matches. □

Policing by coercion

The Police and Criminal Evidence Bill now going through parliament will give the police unprecedented powers on the streets and in police stations. New police powers—

- to stop and search you on the streets if the police think you look suspicious i.e. "reasonable suspicion"
- to set up roadblocks and carry out random checks for indefinite periods for certain purposes
- to arrest people for minor offences (eg parking or littering) if for example their names and addresses can't be established
- to search under warrant homes and premises of people *not* suspected of committing an offence
- to seize evidence of *any* offence compulsorily during a search
- to use compulsion to take fingerprints and body samples and make intimate body searches of detained suspects
- to detain certain suspects in police stations for questioning for up to 4 days without charge (on the authority of magistrates' warrants)
- to deny detained suspects access to solicitors for up to 36 hours

OPPOSE THE POLICE BILL

'I think that there is a danger that this Bill brings Britain closer to being a police state ...looking at this Bill I don't even think it could be redrafted' **Lord Salmon (*The Standard* 14.3.83)**

'...so widely drawn and will rely so heavily on subjective interpretation that it could be misused' **55 bishops (Guardian 17.3.83)**

'...more likely to threaten traditional liberties than to protect society against the evil-doer' '...let us not clamp upon ourselves the apparatus of an authoritarian state' ***Daily Mail* editorial (15.3.83)**

'...to give police powers to make the most intimate of body searches...is to license further the handful of bullies...the honest and professional officer neither wants nor needs this power' ***Police Review* (25.2.83)**

'a formidable threat to the future confidentiality of medical records' ***British Medical Journal* (15.1.83)**

'It is an unbalanced Bill which leans too far in favour of the police' **Times editorial (1.3.83)**

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Sex, grouse and happy workers

D. Massey and N. Miles examine the dubious strategy and less than impressive results of regional employment promotion under the Conservative government

FEW WOULD DOUBT that local and regional authorities have cause to intervene in their local economies. The problem arises over the methods employed.

Most local economic programmes tend to rely on the private sector as the source of economic regeneration. Many provide factory premises, roads and services back-up, financial incentives, easier planning regulations and generous advertisements for their locality's virtues. Indeed, attraction and advertising campaigns litter the pages of newspapers, trade journals, colour magazines, and the stands of business exhibitions. Recently, video promotion has become the rage. The cost to the tax and ratepayer of such promotional programmes runs into hundreds of millions of pounds. The designation of enterprise zones has only fuelled the frenzy.

Nobody seems able to provide a clear rationale for such campaigns. 'Everybody's doing it because everybody else is. The Council wants to *see* something happen and anyway what else can we do with our relatively small budget,' is a common off-the-record response from local-authority officials. But advertising still appears to occupy a favoured place within the strategies of many local authorities. 'We want you and your firm – please take advantage of us!' wrote a chief executive of a Lincolnshire district recently, in a business-cum-local authority magazine. Early in 1982, the Association of District Councils produced a report on marketing and promotion designed to help chief executives to help firms to do exactly that. Many New Towns and larger local authorities use agencies to increase the punch of their advertising campaigns.

New Towns are big spenders. In 1981, they spent £5.9m on advertising and publicity. In 1982, the Department of the Environment estimates that £8.1m was spent – a probable underestimation. According to one New Town, its total publicity budget was twice that given by the DoE (it is not uncommon for publicity expenditure to be charged to other departmental areas). Most New Towns employ three or four 'in-house' people to direct their publicity campaigns – although Milton Keynes has a twelve person publicity department and a budget in excess of £1.5m.

Local authorities spend less, and not all of them advertise; but, according to a recent survey by one of the authors, about half do. Roughly a third of those that advertise spend in excess of £30,000 a year; Merseyside County Council spends over £250,000. Moreover, 20 per cent of all local authorities that were surveyed ranked advertising as the most important activity undertaken in the quest for jobs, and nearly 30 per cent were going to increase their advertising budgets.

On top of this, there are the competing attractions and expenditures of Enterprise Zones, Development Areas, the Welsh and Scottish Development agencies, the North of England Development Council, the London Docklands Corporation . . .

Is advertising effective? In 1982, Warrington and Runcorn spent over £1.3m on publicity and attracted 1,640 jobs. At nearly £1,000 of advertising per job, these towns were comparatively successful. Their success, however, is ambiguous. Of the 225 companies locating in them between 1971 and 1981, 44 were new firms, 102 new branches of old firms, but 79 were *relocations* – 30 of them from the unemployment black spots of Greater Manchester and Merseyside.

Skelmersdale New Town spent £200,000 last year, but ended up with a net job loss. Livingston, in 1981, lost 21 firms and gained 31 – but the firms it gained were smaller than those it lost. One official was very pleased that his East Midlands New Town was receiving a number of small firms that had previously gone to Corby with its panoply of grants and incentives – and its 20 per cent unemployment rate.

ADVERTISING TO ATTRACT firms has been strongly criticised in the past. Many practitioners in the field of job creation are well aware that many local and regional authorities are playing a 'zero sum' game – merely redistributing employment, not creating it. Attraction and promotion usually do little to stimulate significant new investment; they do stimulate, however, cut-throat and wasteful competition between areas. Nationally, the effect of many promotional programmes is to aid the financial and employment rationalisation of large firms and further encourage the increasing speed with which capital moves from one location to another.

Despite these criticisms, there is one possible justification for the many thousands spent on advertising campaigns. The argument is that such campaigns, by making information available, encourage the formation of a more efficient distribution of industry. But advertising and promotional campaigns are *not* effective in this way. First, most advertisements read and look alike. They rarely enable a firm to discriminate between areas. Pick up a glossy brochure. Delete the names of the location described. Now, try to guess where it is.

The following question was asked in the recent survey: 'List the three main *unique* selling points of your area.' In response, 46 per cent mentioned the excellent environmental and residential qualities, 57 per cent the favourable transportation links and accessibility, and 62 per cent the good industrial relations and the quality and cost of labour. All descriptions, and their respective

Answers: Cardiff, Hartlepool and Runcorn

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oft candlelight and warm music. Eyes transfixed, caught in conversation with Valerie. You're wonderfully lost in a world of your own and you really wish you were on the other side of the table.
Valerie has strong views on leisure. She considers it has more to do with regaining energy than letting it go. And the result is that she has developed two quite interesting passions. Men and eating out. (In that order.) So you'll be gratified to know that you were able, in your imagination at least, to encourage these worthy pursuits.

brochures, describe the same qualities in a very similar manner. Whether you go to Incentiveville Scotland, get the Mid Wales Experience, experience the Peterborough effect, or energise into expansion at Hartlepool, you will be presented with a similar package.

What these campaigns are playing on is the belief still held by many of the middle and upper classes that the 'English way of life' is truly to be found in the rustic pleasures of the country gentleman. One authority trumpets that you can live 'like a lord' by indulging in the rustic pleasures of slaughtering grouse – somewhere near Bradford. Such claims appear to be fuelled by the desire to out-bid other authorities in assuring the status of the middle and upper echelons of industrial management. But what has the residential and social preferences of managers got to do with the efficient distribution of industry?

AT THE OTHER END of the social spectrum, labour is mentioned only in relation to its availability and co-operativeness. In a promotional brochure for the New Town of Aycliffe we learn that 'unemployment is low' – ie, this is not really a depressed and socially unattractive environment – 'yet labour is in ample supply . . . All around Aycliffe are areas of high unemployment (more than 15 per cent of male workers in some cases). Many people are happy to travel here to work' – ie, you can reap the benefits of a hungry labour force without having to live too near to it. Aycliffe has a 'better than 99 per cent perfect labour record. Hardly strike happy' – labour is available, and willing to do nearly anything for a job.

A new sort of offensiveness is becoming an increasingly prominent strand of the campaigns: the sexual come-on is hotting up. For, as well as sharing a narrow range of social ambitions, most managers are men and deemed to respond to the same sexual allures. Brochures show factory units in abundance with thinly clad women lying on adjacent beaches; or go to Aycliffe and, according to a brochure, you will encounter Gill 'fighting off marauding males', Debbie 'who enjoys the easy life', and Elaine who 'likes the bright Lights'.

If, by now, you're exhausted, go and see Valerie – 'Eyes transfixed, caught in conversation with Valerie. You're wonderfully lost in a world of your own and you really wish you were on the other side of the table . . . Just gaze into those eyes – all warmth and friendliness. Doesn't she make you just . . . just . . .' This is a real quotation from a brochure designed to attract employment and investment.

Associated with this brochure was an even more offensive advertising campaign in the *Daily Telegraph*. Complaints were made to the Advertising Standards Authority by a womens' group and the National Union of Journalists. The complaints were not upheld as the campaign, apparently, did not 'cause grave or widespread offence'. Nevertheless, both the brochure and the newspaper advertisements are now discontinued, so it's worth local authority women's committees scrutinising what their promotional campaigns are selling.

Fortunately, not all the promotional campaigns are as degenerate as those described above, and some local authorities recognise the inappropriateness of present publicity. Even better than the mere rejection of the orthodoxy on job creation are the actions of the more progressive authorities in establishing local enterprise boards which levy a 2p rate. Their aim is to create new jobs, rather than poach existing ones, and to revitalise the local economy along more democratic and socially useful lines.

What has been the response from the Tory government? Mr Tom King, the former Local Government Minister (in the guise of 'Slasher of the Rates-Burden') is on record as being concerned that such local authority efforts to help industry might duplicate each other. But this is exactly what the Tory employment policy (or should we say the lack of it) is encouraging. Mr Tom King was worried, not just about the size of the rates, of course, but about their use on local democratic initiatives. Surely local economic involvement targetted to local needs, problems, and opportunities is preferable to the many thousands spent on enticing male managers to indulge in the myth of the English way of life and the glorification of reactionary social and sexual relations. □

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THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ A pensioner who started in the Co-op as a grocery boy in the 1930s, and rose to one of the movement's highest positions as president of the East Midlands Co-operative Society, has just lost his presidency because he failed to stick his dividend stamps in a book and pay them into his share account. – *Guardian* (C. J. Gray)

☐ Rachel is the niece of the Earl of Dudley and her father is the Hon Peter Ward, who was one of the most dashing members of the Princess Margaret set in the Fifties – he once took Her Royal Highness for a ride on a No. 11 bus. – *Sunday Express* (Brenda Rowe)

☐ Tim Osborn, 21, of Bristol, has changed his name to Tim Margaret-Thatcher by deed poll after losing a wager with a friend. – *Basildon Evening Echo* (David Ealey)

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DIARY

Christopher Price

To the United States on a cultural mission to Salute New York, as an artistic side-effect of my Select Committee. Last year we produced a report telling the government that it ought to package up the arts – together with film, television and tourism – into a respectable sector of the economy and then export it. *Britain Salutes New York* is the first flowering of our message. Everyone tells me it's a great success. Even our own diplomats, who were excessively sniffy about the whole idea in the first place, are all there on parade, pouring back the bourbon and champagne.

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I suppose I'm discovering something about the state of British Art. It's very difficult. The Grand Canyon separating high society art on the one hand from the genuine artists on the other seems quite unbridgeable. I commute between the two on the subway, removing my tie for the performance art 'Sound Works' in Greenwich Village, putting it loosely back for the Scottish printmakers on Columbus Circle and then dressing up like a dummy for the big stuff – Constable at the Metropolitan Museum, the *Barber of Seville* at the Metropolitan Opera and the Queen's Fabergé collection at the Cooper-Hewitt. The cultural message gets rather lost in the social pretensions and the plutocratic gyrations; but everyone tells me it's all necessary for the survival of Art in the US. I find the British connection somewhat tenuous at the Fabergé launch – exquisite and perfectly useless gegaws, churned out in the early years of the century by a Frenchman in a Moscow workshop for Europe's royalty and aristocracy: gazing at it all, I had a sudden and overwhelming moral sympathy for Lenin.

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Current received wisdom is that the Arts need the plutocracy – indeed need money from whatever source it can be found. In our Report last year, we ourselves recommended a plurality of funding – box office, private money, corporate money, state money – so I suppose I can't complain. In many ways it's a pleasantly plural festival – with the British Council, Cary Grant, Sir Hugh Casson and breakfast at Tiffany's to 'honour' all the surviving ex-US ambassadors to London. I bump into Elliot Richardson and remember with a *frisson* of horror my former orthodox pretensions when I used to consort with the likes of Elliot and Stuart Holland at conspiratorial Bilderberg conferences. But my uncertainty about the propriety of now being seen with these characters is immediately assuaged by the sight, across the kedgeree, of my good socialist comrade Oonagh Macdonald, 'a guest of honour of Elinor Guggenheimer,' I read in the *New York Times* society page, 'in recognition of her services to women in Britain'. Then there's the Guinness connection: the family are represented by the presence of Paul Channon, our assiduous Minister for the Arts, and Guinness Velvet – half and half, champagne and stout – is the official Festival tipple. Guinness Harp have been busy giving away gallons of the stuff, in the hope that the habit will become ingrained in the Blarney Stone bars around the city. Indeed, at times it feels more like Ireland than Britain saluting New York.

○

Incidentally, every bank in the city seems at first sight to be against our boys in Belfast until one realises that their screaming advertisements for the IRA are pleas to the populace to indulge in Reagan's latest gimmick – an Investment Retirement Account. The *real* IRA have been making token protests at a few posh festivities, but the old Anti-British gut instinct of the New York Irish seems to be on the wane. I wish the decline had set in a little earlier. I had hoped while there to revisit my sole US constituent, an unfortunate young man called Paul Arthur, until recently confined in New York's Brixton – the Brooklyn House of Detention, but he'd been sent up north to the Adirondacks to finish his sentence. He was picked up with a couple of guns last year by some Brooklyn Irish policeman who leapt to the conclusion that he was an anti-IRA hit man and leaked the idea to Murdoch newspapers on either side of the Atlantic. He wasn't, but the publicity didn't help. My memories of just a single hour in that dire penitentiary last year are a useful antidote to

the glitter and the jewels. It's so easy in New York to ignore the city's grim and violent side. Indeed my most mixed feelings were at *British New York 1664-1783*. It's at the Museum of the City of New York, which backs on to Spanish Haarlem at 103rd Street and in normal times is a real people's palace of culture, crowded with schoolchildren. For the next few weeks the little Latinos of New York are to be offered a paean in praise of George III and his friends, courtesy of Arthur Anderson, the international accountants who are based in Switzerland and thus have money to spare for this sort of thing. I fear that, to these particular youngsters, in the aftermath of the Falklands, the image of the British will be one of a raw, bullying race, still hopelessly addicted to colonial wars. No doubt Mrs Thatcher would approve.

○

Certainly the English business community do. Exhilarated by the Falklands victory and the swing in US public opinion back towards Britain last year, some of them see the festivities almost as a second coming to the Plymouth Rock. In the words of David Lloyd Jacob, the English ex-chairman of AMCON, whose brainchild it was to celebrate 200 years of peace between our nations: 'The British are the largest ethnic group in America . . . Clearly the British have prospered in America and America has prospered with them. Our festival aims to strengthen this happy relationship.' I hope the happy relationship extends beyond the cocktail circuit over the coming weeks; otherwise, New Yorkers might get the impression that Britain is solely composed of dukes, duchesses and a few dead painters. I'm sure that wasn't the impression which anyone wanted to convey.

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I flew Air India bucket shop (I was paying) and stayed at a discreet doss-house on 51st Street; I was closely followed (at more affluent public expense) by Clive Priestley of the Cabinet Office in his 'Rayner' role of saving money on the Arts in the UK. Under Thatcher, value for money comes expensive.

ROGER WODDIS

The Lady's not for learning

They say my rating's high
And leading in love's poll,
So why do I
Still mystify?
Well, let me bare my soul:
I don't want to be a tease,
But tell me, darling, please,
When the weather has turned stormy,
Will you still adore me?

Will you love me in October,
If I pass you by in June?
Will our love-affair be over,
If the climax comes too soon?
I am torn by indecision
And my nerves are in a knot:
Will you warm to me in autumn,
Or come running when it's hot?

I could end up as a loser
When your passion starts to cool,
And you know I won't forgive you
If you make me look a fool.
If I fathomed your intentions,
I would gladly name the day;
But this lady's not for learning,
So I'll let you know in May.

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Perle with a price?

Claudia Wright reveals the ambiguous position of the US Assistant Secretary of Defense

THE NOMINATION of Kenneth Adelman to be the director of the US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency won Senate endorsement on 14 April. But Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for international security policy, the man whose machinations for a purge of the arms agency led to Adelman's appointment (see *NS* 25 March), may not have long to savour his victory.

After falling out with some of his allies at the Pentagon, several 'Deep Throats' are at work, encouraging the American press to expose Perle. He is the first senior US official ever to receive payments – at least $140,000 – to represent an Israeli weapons company and to use his influence on US contracts for Israeli arms.

Other controversies involve Perle's role in controlling US high technology exports, in handling the Siberian gas pipeline dispute with Western Europe and in determining US policy for the provision of aircraft and military bases in Turkey. In each case there is a similar pattern. Perle and his friends are based in key Senate staff positions, in bureaux of the Defense Department, State Department, Treasury, Commerce and the White House. Distinctions between private interests and official duties, between commercial and government activities, between the national interests of the US government and those of Israel, Turkey and other foreign states have become blurred, or invisible.

In a long Washington career, Richard Perle, 41-years-old, has built the kind of personal network ambitious US officials must have. He first entered the government in 1969 after university study in political science and consulting jobs with defence firms. He was a consultant to Paul Nitze, then Special Assistant to the Defense Secretary – Nitze is now US negotiator on Intermediate Range Missiles in Geneva.

Perle then joined the staff of the US Senate, eventually becoming the principal staff member of the sub-committee on arms control of the Armed Services Committee. The chairman of the sub-committee was then Senator Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington State. Perle was Jackson's protégé; the Armed Services Committee was his power base and the recruiting ground for many of his current friends and allies in the Reagan Administration. It was also the source of much classified information of interest to American defence contractors, Israeli officials and entrepreneurs, and others by whom Perle was retained between the time he left his Senate post in March 1980 and the date when he joined the Defence Department 12 months later.

WHEN US OFFICIALS take office, they are required to file a detailed statement of their income, former employment, and assets, to certify that in their official duties there will be 'no actual or potential conflict of interest'. Perle has filed several statements – the most recent dated 1 February 1983, which was formally approved by the Under Secretary of Defense for policy, Fred Iklé. These documents reveal that in 1980 Perle received substantial consulting payments from Abington Corporation TRW, Northrop, System Development Corporation, and Tamares Ltd.

Abington is a Washington defence consulting operation, originally owned and run by John Lehman. Lehman is currently Secretary of the Navy. His brother, Christopher, was an aide to Senator John Warner, a Republican member of the Armed Services Committee, and is now in charge of a strategic forces bureau at the State Department. Another Lehman brother, Joseph, is in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and a fourth brother, Ronald, works for Perle as Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for strategic forces policy. The Lehman firm was Perle's employer for most of 1980 and through it Perle earned an estimated $140,000. Part of that work was on an Abington contract with Boeing, the manufacturer of civil and military aircraft and of several types of missile.

Washington sources claim that late in 1980 Perle and John Lehman fell out over their consulting business and Perle moved to arrange independent contracts with companies that had been clients of Abington's. One of these is listed in Perle's disclosure forms as Tamares Ltd. Jeff Gerth of the *New York Times* has reported that Tamares is a subsidiary of a Liechtenstein company and that both are fronts for Soltam Ltd, an Israeli arms manufacturer owned by the Zabludowicz family and the Histadrut, the Israeli labour federation. Soltam makes gunnery systems for the 'Merkava' tank, several types of artillery and self-propelled howitzers, mortars, and other arms and ammunition.

Soltam's business has been dependent on US defence support in several ways. The company obtains advanced US military technology and then re-sells it as Israeli-made weapons. For example, the 'Merkava' tank's turret and gun, according to Israeli defence analysts, were developed by the American Cadillac corporation and licensed for Soltam to produce.

Richard Perle: friends in high places

Soltam has also increasingly looked to the US market (and US military procurement contracts) for sales. In particular, Pentagon sources have told journalists, Perle and his staff on the Senate Armed Services Committee collaborated to push Soltam's 81-mm mortar. The records show that Perle received about $90,000 in payments from Tamares up to November 1980. From then until March 1981, a period when Perle was also at work on the Reagan transition team for the Defense Department, the Israeli firm handed over another $50,000. Daniel Spiegel, the Washington attorney for Soltam's owners, told the *NS* that he has no comment on what this payment was for. Perle told the press that he had been assessing the market for the 81-mm mortar. Defence sources say that the size and timing of the payments, as well as Perle's inexperience in weapons engineering and marketing, suggest that Perle was retained in the hope that he would use his political influence with the incoming administration.

Soltam was not the only arms company in the market for Perle. TRW paid him $5,000 for 'analyses and recommendations concerning strategic and tactical requirements and other national defense areas'. The date of this contract in mid-1981 overlaps Perle's work at the Pentagon. He claims that the money was for work done before he took office. Perle says that he was advising TRW on an energy project in Italy.

ENERGY, AND IN particular oil, are a major policy concern in Perle's official Pentagon responsibilities. His wife, Leslie Barr, who was appointed to a Commerce Department job in October 1981, has also played an influential role in Reagan Administration oil policy. In late 1981 and early 1982, the two were involved in developing the Administration's plan to force US oil companies to stop operations in Libya. According to a Commerce Department source, Barr directed a study in early 1982 that found Libyan oil imports were a risk to US national security interests. The study was contradicted by the assessment of the General Accounting Office, but the Libyan oil embargo was imposed nonetheless. ▶

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The Soltam and TRW contracts, artillery and energy, were not the only business Perle signed for in the weeks preceding his appointment at the Pentagon. According to officials of Northrop, the military aircraft manufacturer, on 10 February 1981, Perle signed a contract with the company for just 18 days' work. In that time, according to Northrop, Perle was 'to have meetings with foreign policy analysts and then to discuss with us how our technical presentations might be constructed'. Among the topics discussed was the aircraft Northrop has spent several hundred million dollars developing, without finding as yet a single buyer – the F-20 'Tigershark'. For his efforts Perle was paid 'under $10,000'.

As Assistant Secretary of Defense, Perle has been responsible for the Pentagon's negotiations with Turkey (see *NS* 14 May and 26 November 1982). These have dealt with the American request for bases in eastern Turkey, from which to command and operate elements of the Rapid Deployment Joint Task Force. In return, Turkey has demanded substantial increases in its military and economic aid from the US, grants and US private investment instead of loans, and an advanced new US aircraft for the Turkish air force.

Northrop has tried to sell the 'Tigershark' to both the Pentagon and the Turks. Initially, the Pentagon agreed to buy the first four prototypes of the aircraft, but the Congress, terming this a political payoff to Northrop, refused to appropriate the money. Pentagon officials then agreed to help the company boost its sales in Turkey. The Turks, however, told Perle and other US negotiators that they wanted an aircraft with longer range and greater combat flexibility – the F-16, built by Northrop's competitor, General Dynamics. Northrop stepped up the pressure, sending private US consultants to Ankara in the hope of winning a Turkish order.

Perle was an ardent publicist for Turkey's military aid requests. He pushed for the doubling of US military aid proposed for Turkey since 1981. At a March Congressional hearing on the Administration's request for $930 million for Turkey, Perle also promoted both the aid request and the 'Tigershark' aircraft. □

PLO

Trapped

Julie Flint explains the Palestinians' impossible position

Beirut

ON 2 SEPTEMBER, within 24 hours of its proclamation, Israel rejected President Reagan's Middle East peace plan. It then lost no time in snubbing Reagan by giving the green light to seven new settlements on the occupied West Bank, which Reagan proposed be exchanged for peace with the Palestinians.

Less than eight months later, after Jordan's announcement that it cannot join negotiations on behalf of the Palestinians, the American administration has apparently forgotten Israel's intransigence.

Reagan himself blamed 'radical elements' within the PLO. His Secretary of State, George Schultz, blamed the organisation as a whole. The PLO should ponder its negotiating power, Schultz said, and 'Use it or lose it'. In so far as Washington has a strategy for saving its Middle East policy, it is, then, to separate Arab 'moderates' from 'radicals' in the hope that King Hussein of Jordan will yet sit down at the negotiating table with Israel. It cannot have escaped the administration's attention that Hussein, in announcing the breakdown of talks, mentioned neither Israel's rejection of the Reagan plan nor Washington's failure to get Israeli troops out of Lebanon.

PLO chairman Yasser Arafat cannot be surprised at this. He has seen it before, in 1977, when President Carter reneged on his support for a Palestinian 'homeland', built President Sadat's surprise visit to Jerusalem into the Camp David accords and attempted to win moderate Arab support for them. In a prefigurement of Schultz's 'Use it or lose it', the then national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, reportedly exulted: 'Bye, bye, PLO'.

Those words, later denied, have more relevance now than then. Then, Washington's miscalculation was immediately apparent. Now, the Arab regimes are more dismally disunited than ever – although probably not disunited enough for Washington to succeed in its design. Iraq is being bled white by its disastrous war with Iran. The Syrian Baathists support non-Arab Iran against their hated Baathist rivals in Baghdad. Gulf Arabs, terrified at the prospect of an Iranian victory, support Iraq. So does Jordan and this, among other things, perpetuates its bitter feud with Syria. The PLO, abandoned by the Arabs in Lebanon, are at daggers-drawn with Syria and, spurned now by Jordan, appears to have no direction left in which to turn except back, towards terrorism.

In announcing the breakdown of his talks with the PLO, Hussein did not attempt to conceal his nervousness after the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. While the Palestinians were free to 'choose the ways and means for the salvation of themselves and their land', Jordan was entitled to look after itself, too. 'Directly affected by the results of the continued occupation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip through the accelerating colonisation programme,' Jordan would, 'Take all steps necessary to safeguard our national security in all its dimensions.'

The King is known to be thinking of reorganising his kingdom politically and constitutionally, in conformity with his abdication of all responsibility for the recovery of the West Bank, which, before the defeat of 1967, was a part of Jordan. In spite of ceding all claim to the territory in 1974, Hussein still continues to treat its people as Jordanian citizens. Theoretically, he was ready to go on doing so (for sound pragmatic reasons that have the support of the PLO) until the establishment of a Palestinian state on the West Bank. But now the King feels the dangers are becoming too great just to let things drift. With Palestinians already making up 60 per cent of his population, he fears a programme of expulsions from the West Bank to make Jordan what Ariel Sharon says it is: the Palestinian homeland.

Jordan's information minister, Adnan Abu Odeh, has said that the government plans to withhold travel documents from Palestinian immigrants from the occupied territories. Other reports say that the King is contemplating holding parliamentary elections, on a 'Jordanised' basis, for the first time since 1967. West Bankers would have no vote. Finding themselves completely abandoned, they would be forced to define their loyalties – either to Jordan or to a Palestinian state that might never see the light of day.

The West Bankers would then be under tremendous pressure to desert the PLO, for they know better than anyone that, unless Israeli settlement is stopped, there will soon be nothing left for the Palestinians to negotiate about. The breakdown of talks has left them depressed and apprehensive. 'The feeling of desperation has increased and morale is very low,' says the Mayor of Gaza, Rashad Shawa.

The PLO is no less nervous than Jordan, as witnessed by its desperate attempts to breathe new life into the dialogue with Hussein, which Arafat sees as the only possible vehicle for his peace-seeking diplomacy. Nothing, however, has changed to enable him to achieve what he has so far failed to achieve – convince his Syrian-influenced 'radical' wing to support some form of joint negotiating action with Jordan. The assassination in Portugal of the PLO moderate Dr Issam Sartawi, who dared to talk to sympathetic Israelis, was a clear warning to Arafat of the limits of the radicals' tolerance. Although claimed – in Syria – by the renegade Abu Nidal, the murder was also applauded by one of the eight groups within the PLO, the PFLP-General Command. Sartawi, the PFLP-GC said, 'Had to die like Sadat . . . this is always the fate of traitors'. It is the first time that a PLO group has welcomed the killing of a PLO official and a troubling sign of the deepening tensions within the guerrilla organisation.

There will be no Arab move toward negotiations without American pressure on Israel and of this there has been no sign. Promises to try to stop Israeli settlement will not suffice. Arafat's decision to leave Beirut, at the very moment when Israel was faced with the choice of destroying the city or leaving the PLO alive in it, was almost certainly the wrong one for the PLO, as the chairman came close to acknowledging when he told a visitor recently: 'I shall follow this (peace-seeking) through to the bitter end. But if it fails, and if there is no alternative, I shall be the biggest terrorist of them all.' □

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GHANA

Stirring it

Victoria Brittain on the US threat to Rawlings's revolution

THE SIXTEEN-MONTH-OLD revolution in Ghana is facing the most determined attack yet from a right-wing opposition that has been trying to overthrow the government of Flight Lieutenant Rawlings ever since 31 December 1979.

The extraordinary extent of American behind-the-scenes involvement in this small West African country has begun to be revealed by the Ghana government and by secret West German embassy reports.

There are four main reasons for the Americans to have committed themselves to such a campaign. First is the pathological response of the Reagan Administration to Colonel Mummar Gaddafy of Libya. Immediately after the coup in January 1980, the Ghanaian economy was saved from paralysis by a Libyan emergency supply of oil provided on generous credit terms; while medicines and other emergency aid were flown in from Libya in early 1980 and, again, in January 1983, during the repatriation of a million Ghanaians from Nigeria.

Secondly, the political model of democratic revolution (which is intended to involve *all* classes of Ghanaians) promised by this regime is profoundly threatening in its example to the stability of the corrupt neo-colonial model West African states around it (Nigeria, Ivory Coast, Liberia and Senegal) which are allies of the US.

Thirdly, the Ghana government has laid down two economic challenges to the US which could have important repercussions if copied elsewhere in the third world. Not only has it persuaded the IMF to agree to credits for Ghana's revolutionary economic programme which includes measures such as nationalising all import and export trade and the introduction of a multiple exchange rate, it has also asked the Valco aluminium company, which is owned by the American companies Kaiser Aluminium and Reynolds Metal, for a renegotiation of the terms which they have enjoyed for nearly 20 years and which have made Valco, at the expense of Ghana, one of the most profitable aluminium companies in the world.

But the fourth and most crucial plank of the campaign against this government is the strength of conservative opposition within the country. A section of the Ghanaian Right stands to lose everything if this regime succeeds. Its western lifestyle has been achieved by institutionalised corruption – and the new regime put power in the hands of Defence Committees in workplaces and communities to denounce and unscramble the corrupt systems of the past.

No national political organisation had planned the 31 December takeover. Inevitably, therefore, in the early months, there was a high degree of chaos. Three former heads of state were executed before Rawlings was able to harness the rage into a moral crusade to clean up the country both literally and, in the sense of attacking the corrupt, metaphorically. Believing that the middle-class trauma of that period would be enough to reform the Ghanaian system, he handed power back to the civilian government after four months. By the time he came back two years later the anger was more dangerous, but so was the Right which had seen what Rawlings could mean.

The second Rawlings administration promised more than moral revolution – it promised the end of the neo-colonial dependent pattern of economy. But its early leadership was broadly based, including liberals and even conservatives – a tactic condemned by a good part of the Left. The original seven-man leadership – the Provisional National Defence Council – assembled in haste after the coup, fell away gradually over the first year and was replaced by a seemingly more homogeneous group.

As the seriousness of the revolution emerged, so the campaign to overthrow it grew bolder. The leaders of the opposition Campaign for Democracy in Ghana gave press conferences and parliamentary-group briefings in London, openly slandering the regime. Inside Ghana, the CIA spent thousands of dollars influencing trade unionists and students. But their work in the military was the real key.

The attempted coup in Accra on 23 November was linked to deliberately provoked ethnic tensions in the armed forces and to a manufactured political crisis in the leadership. Another coup attempt involving many of the same people was aborted on 26 February. The house where the plotters were arrested was full of military equipment. It also contained an assassination list and a speech to be read to the nation. The house is owned by a Ghanaian named Dr Ishmael Antwi, who has an American passport issued in the Puerto Rican name of Roberto Figueroa Dominquez. While the 11 plotters were being arrested, his American wife fled the house in an American embassy car. Dr Antwi, a Major and Lieutenant-Colonel are still being sought by the Ghanaian authorities.

The US role in all this has only been revealed by the Ghana government with its announcement at Easter of CIA-trained mercenaries on the border, and its publication of a secret West German embassy report. The report not only says that the US ambassador met the leader of the Campaign for Democracy in Ghana three times, last year, in neighbouring Lomé, but also details US tactics, such as sowing ethnic discord in the army, which are being used in the struggle to bring the regime down, or to turn it into a pliant military regime like that of Sergeant Doe in Liberia. □

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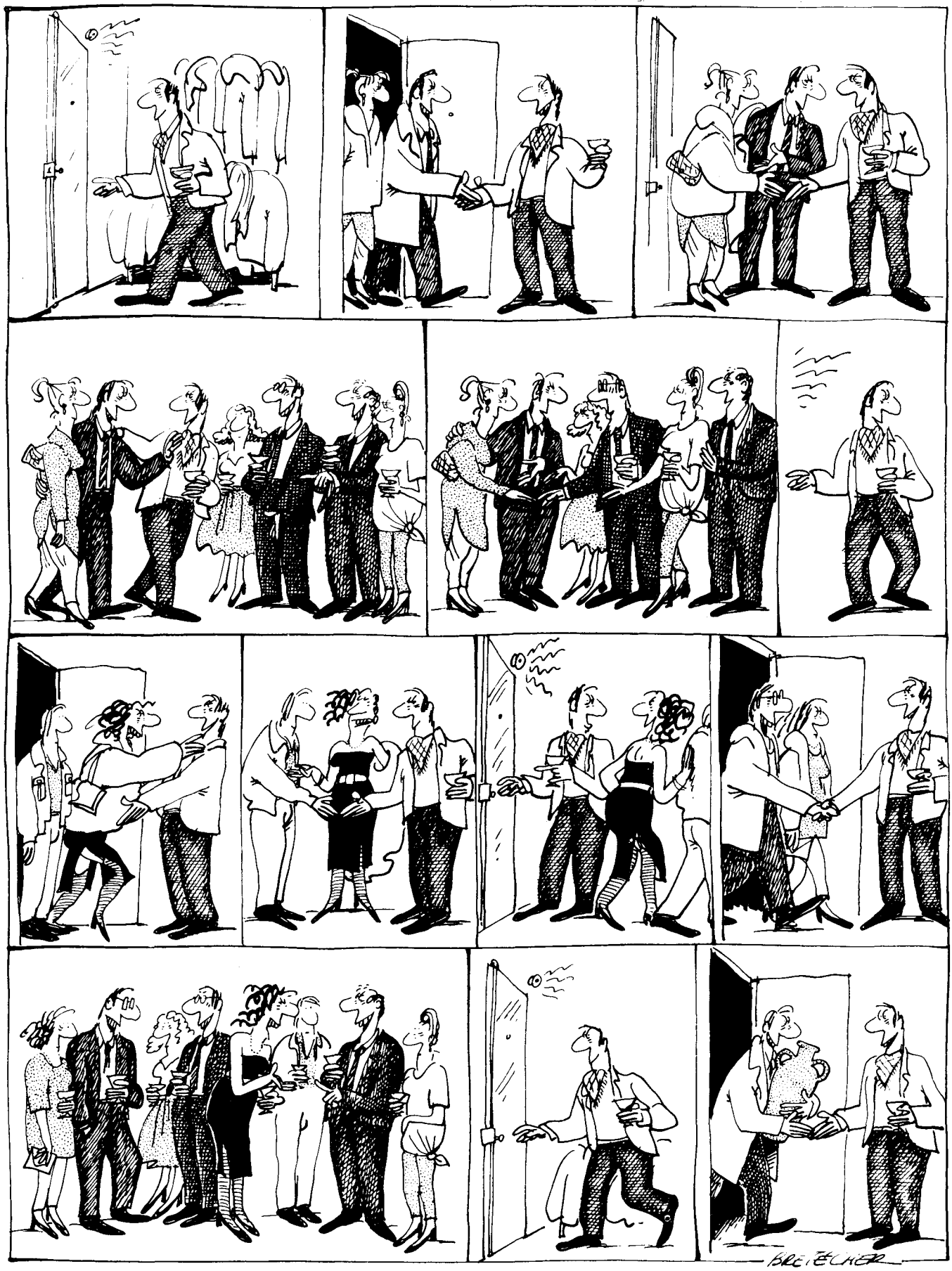

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LETTERS

Architecture for the people

Tom Woolley, Winslow, Bucks.

When are we going to see some articles about architecture in Left publications like the *New Statesman* that reflect a socialist outlook on the subject? Steve Mullin's review of Andrew Saint's book (*NS* 25 March) might appear to be radical, in attacking the RIBA for instance, but is fundamentally conservative.

The acid test is whether architects are interested in protecting their own esoteric professional world or sharing their skills with the people who use buildings. The idea that 'ordinary' people – clients, especially the working class – have any opinions or knowledge about architecture is the most threatening of all to the cultured aesthetes – the Mullins, Saints or Lubbocks. The masses have no taste and don't know what they want so can be ignored.

Instead debates are conducted between two elitist and in practice almost indistinguishable positions – the high arty-farty post-modernists and those who profess slightly more concern for 'building'. Of course we would all like architects to be more competent given the disasters and failures of modern buildings in the last 20 years.

Tinkering with architectural education, as proposed by Mullin won't make any difference. Anyway he is proposing what already appears to be current RIBA policy to restrict entrance, close schools (Cheltenham, Bristol, maybe Liverpool Poly) and reduce the production (sic) of graduates. The current 'liberal mish-mash' might be a mess but tightening it up will kick out the socialist and radical teachers and exclude working-class student applicants first.

Mullin also calls for ARCUK takeover of education administration from the RIBA. Under the Architects Registration Act, ARCUK has the responsibility but this has been usurped by the RIBA. Without breaking this RIBA control and replacing it with more *public* representation on ARCUK, nothing will change. A group of nine of us represent the 5,000 'unattached' (non-RIBA members) on ARCUK and have been working for such changes with some small success for several years.

Finally Mullin reveals his reactionary position with his cheap jibe at 'community architecture' as an 'escapist cop-out'. So-called community architects are despised by the cultural aesthetes because we are working directly with ordinary people, user clients and working-class groups to build or convert buildings on very low budgets. What we produce isn't recognisable to Mullin or Saint as 'good architecture' because it reflects the needs and priorities of our clients rather than some elitist and esoteric standards.

Mullin, at the end of his article, is very vague about what precisely his long haul to a new dawn means but I believe that the work being done by feminist design groups, community managed technical aid centres and other 'community architects' holds the seeds of a new 'popular' architecture with a *real* cultural base of the ideas, aspirations and needs of ordinary people.

It never Raines but it pours

Ian Sutherland, Glasgow

I am sorry, but after 24 years of reading the *New Statesman*, I will be cancelling my order immediately. The poem 'Arsehole', by Craig Raine (*NS* 8 April) is sexist, crass, and semi-pornographic. I sincerely hope that every woman reader abandons you forthwith, along with every thinking male who buys the paper. If this is, as your advertisements now claim, 'The voice of the Left', where, please, can I join the Right?

P. Simeoni, Warks.

I think Craig Raine's 'Arsehole' is a very good poem. I am neither male nor homosexual – if I was I feel sure I would find this a most delightful poem. My only criticism – if I have one at all – is that I think the title (which is obvious, possibly crude and provocative) isn't worthy of the delicate treatment of the subject. Good luck to Craig Raine – he's an excellent poet, even if he does seem to have an obsession with orifices!

James Stephens, London NW7

Next in line to the appalling M. Thatcher as disturber of the peace and desecrator of the general good surely must stand M. Whitehouse. Having read the rather slanted comments in the *Observer* (I know lots of ladies and gentlemen who do this to each other) on the poem by Craig Raine (who I always imagined was married to Princess Di's father) I went out and bought the *New Statesman* (which I gave up when they dropped the crossword). Having read the poem, I have now renewed my subscription, despite the exorbitant increase in price.

Family incomes

Nick Morris, Institute for Fiscal Studies, SW1

I read with some interest both Peter Kellner's column (*NS* 8 April) and Paul Ashton's letter (*NS* 15 April) referring to family incomes out of work. I am afraid that the latter contains many simple errors of fact that need to be corrected.

Our new estimates of replacement rates (and, indeed, those of Patrick Minford) refer to all 'family unit' heads, and *not* to households. There has never been any debate that families with children face the highest replacement rates; but to present figures just for these types of family is misleading when looking at the overall incentive effect. The DHSS cohort study, which Mr Ashton cites, takes a particular group of unemployed families (who have lower than average incomes when in work, and therefore higher replacement rates) and considers them at the time of their highest benefit receipt. Our work, in contrast, looks at income changes over both long and short periods, which would occur to the whole population – working or unemployed – if it faced a spell out of work.

Finally, it is simply not true that 'the proportion today [with high replacement rates] . . . are likely to be higher still'. The major reasons for the high replacment rates in 1978 were receipt of earnings-related supplement (which were abolished in January 1982) and the receipt of tax refunds during, or subsequent to, an unemployment spell (these are now much smaller, following the taxation, from July 1982, of unemployment benefit). Our own work indicates that replacement rates in the short term have fallen steeply since 1978.

Exegesis explained

Judith Kramer, Programmes Ltd, London NW6

I am writing in serious response to your light-hearted piece, 'Cults for capitalism' (*NS* 8 April), for it raises serious questions about the nature of individual participation in our society – or in any society, even the kind of socialist society that I see as ideal (as, I think, does your correspondent, Ms Berman).

Ms Berman found it 'eerie to watch' energy and enthusiasm expressed, 'because nobody shows any sign of cynicism or inhibition'. I am sorry. I think her cynicism arises from a belief that no-one works hard because they want to. This belief, shared by many people in this country, is the bane of British industry. I don't share it.

Programmes Limited, the company described in 'Cults of capitalism' has corporate attributes, none of which are novel, except in that they are all present. The practical sharing of responsibility is like a co-operative; every member of staff takes the kind of individual responsibility recommended by Mrs Thatcher and the environmentalists; they care for one another in a way Robert Owen or the Sieff family would approve; they work to enjoy their daily round and to improve their standard of living; their jobs are both flexible and secure in the Japanese manner; and there is opportunity for individual development and enterprise in the American style. It's changing and developing, and open to the input of every member of the working team.

I have been a Liberal activist all my articulate life. I've only once been involved on the winning side in an election campaign. That has done nothing to change my ideals, although at times I've thought I would not live to see them realised.

As Ms Berman mentions, I had an 'abnormally good' GLC election result only because of my involvement with Exegesis. I could not have conducted an efficient campaign in Deptford without Exegesis graduates. But the contribution from Exegesis was more fundamental than that. My experience of the Exegesis education enabled me to communicate my old ideas afresh and to enlist others; I want to be a participant in a democracy within which every individual can have an effect, understanding the results of their actions and their contribution to others. The same principles apply to every aspect of human activity – personal, communal or commercial.

Programmes is staffed by people who share my ideals, although our opinions are diverse. I am privileged to be associated with them.

China in context

Donald Roy, London SW15

I see that the hapless Chinese are the latest subjects of fashionable historical revisionism (*NS* 15 April). No doubt Jonathan Mirsky's information is accurate and unbiased. What is missing is the context.

China is and remains a desperately poor country (poorer than India or Pakistan). It manages, just, to support one and a half times the population of India on just over half the area of arable land. Once Chinese statistics are corrected for the unusual price structure, it emerges that overall income and product per head there have been static for the last 30 years.

At the same time China has received virtually no overseas aid. Rather, in the last decade, it has been encouraged to squander its meagre economic surplus on developing a military threat to the Soviet Union and its allies. What is remarkable in the circumstances is that the Chinese have achieved as much as they have in areas like literacy and longevity. This deserves respect rather than debunking.

It is, of course, true that 'Jekyll and Hyde' democracy (frequent changes of government by constitutional means) has produced as good results in the South Indian state of Kerala (and much better in Sri Lanka) at comparable (or rather higher) levels of income. However, such achievements, especially in Sri Lanka, can prove vulnerable to the monetarist obsessions of the world's rich and their representatives in international agencies. At least the Chinese revolution has spared them that.

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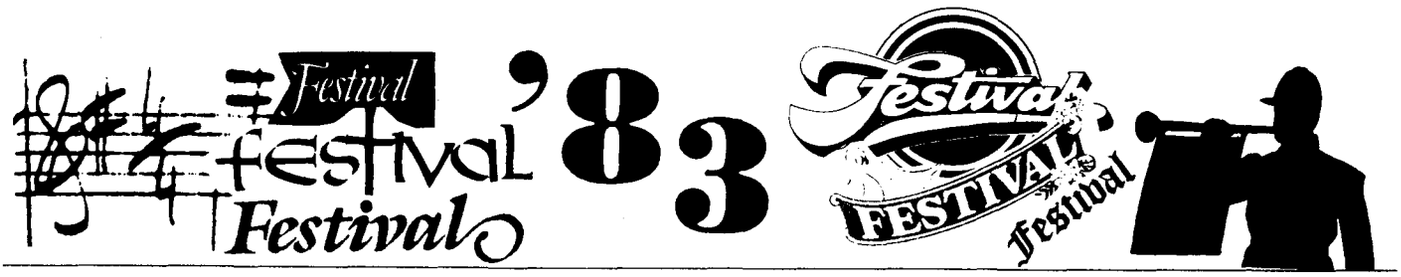

Richard Noyce

Below the salt

AS ARTS festivals proliferate, many are in danger of becoming élitist by failing to provide a broad programme of events which caters for a wide cross-section of the community. A bias towards theatre, music and exhibitions of the more conventional variety is perhaps inevitable, for three reasons: firstly, festival administrators and committees, as arbiters of taste, consider that a conventional programme of 'high art' is what their public wants; secondly, business sponsorship is more readily attracted by non-controversial events; and, thirdly, as attendances tend to bear out, visitors who include festivals in a holiday may well have a preference for such events. All well and good in that such festivals provide a platform for the best in conventional terms, thereby encouraging a raising of standards in performance and appreciation, and in that they are attractive in terms of tourism.

But this leaves many people in the communities which provide a base for such festivals feeling, quite rightly, that their interests are not being catered for. In particular, there is resentment among amateur groups, as well as among struggling young professionals, who doubt the validity of a festival that does not provide, for at least a proportion of the time, a platform for local efforts.

It is true that a number of festivals now have a 'fringe', a trend started many years ago in Edinburgh, and this can provide some balance to the weighty seriousness of many festivals. There is a danger, however, of the fringe festivals themselves becoming élitist, so that a fringe to the fringe may become necessary. This would have the tendency to swamp the idea to such a degree that no contributor would benefit – there is a ceiling to the total number of tickets that can be sold in any festival, and a proliferation of events can be counter-productive, as has been happening in Edinburgh in recent years.

Then there are 'Community Festivals', set up to give local communities the chance to express themselves through exhibitions, drama, street events, carnivals and so on, and to have a good time doing so. Festivals of this nature contrast radically with the stuffier festival image. Bringing people in the community together for a common purpose, they serve a wider function that transcends the basic aim, allowing the possibility of a continuation of co-operative events beyond the festival itself.

In larger cities it is quite possible for such differing kinds of festival to co-exist and to thrive to varying degrees. In smaller cities and towns such co-existence is less possible, and it is in smaller communities that a greater problem exists. If a festival is seen as a celebration, a 'feast', then surely the enjoyment and nourishment should extend 'below the salt', so that it has a unifying rather than a socially divisive effect? There should at least be attempts to widen the base of interest and concern in festivals in smaller communities. At the same time, of course, whatever blandishments are offered, there will be a proportion of any community that is simply not interested in the arts in any shape or form. But between the philistine and the languid aesthete there are many people whose needs are quite simply not being adequately met.

While there is a definite need for more festivals to become more responsive to the communities in which they exist, there are also problems in effecting this change. To begin with, the existing festival organisations are often so entrenched in the conventional mould that it is difficult to introduce the notion of community responsibility, except through a cultural tokenism that can end up as a self-defeating exercise. On the other hand, the degree of resentment and distrust among people who feel that an existing festival has nothing to offer them and no relevance for them has also to be overcome. A process of meeting has therefore to be

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initiated, and this necessarily takes time. As planning a festival also takes time, it is clear that changes cannot be immediate, and means have to be found of encouraging mutual interest. One way of stimulating an interest in the arts is through community arts centres. While these are as varied as the places in which they are found, it is common for them to be the focus of local artistic effort. Through them it is possible to co-ordinate local groups and individuals, although this is often a slow process.

Once achieved, however, the likelihood of putting together a more representative programme becomes possible and work towards a festival can become attractive in terms of the saving in publicity and administrative costs as well as in terms of the joy of sharing in creativity. By mobilising such efforts, the chance of greater community involvement in an existing festival is possible, or, if a festival administration remains unmoved, at least the chance of a viable alternative festival arises.

Another way of growth is for a sufficiently aware arts centre to make a conscious effort to introduce into a predominantly conventional festival programme a number of items which both complement and extend the conventions. For example, why not put a touring theatre company in a tent on a local park? If it resembles a circus, all to the good; perhaps people won't be disappointed. Or why not lunchtime contemporary music, or late-night alternative cabaret, or a poetry reading involving prizewinners in a local competition, together with the local judges and a 'star' guest? Or, to involve the local kids, why not develop a project using local historical material, culminating in a public performance? Or arrange an exhibition by a local sculptor in the open air, or open workshops by a painter in the local surroundings? All these events, while falling short of total community involvement, are happening this spring in Newbury, and all are being run by the local arts centre, which operates fully 12 months of the year.

These steps are being taken towards a widening of the concept of 'festival' in local terms, and ideas for the 1984 festival are already being considered; all being well there will be a major community play based on a local historical incident. If it comes off, the idea of 'festival' in one small town will have been extended to involve far more people in the community than ever before. With determination, it could happen elsewhere, and surely this is what festivals should really be about? □

Richard Noyce is the Artistic Director of the Arts Workshop, Newbury

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Selected Festivals

Below is only a very small sample from among the Festivals going on throughout the year all round the country. Further information can be obtained from the Arts Council publication *Festivals in Great Britain 1983*.

Aberdeen International Youth Festival *10-20 August:* youth symphony and chamber orchestras, dance and opera groups.

Aldeburgh Festival of Music and Arts *10-26 June:* with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, Simon Rattle conducting.

Bath Festival *27 May-12 June:* chamber music, with other events like an evening with Salman Rushdie.

Battle Festival *15-24 July:* recitals, concerts, entertainment for children, French evening.

Billingham Folklore Festival *13-20 August:* international, traditional song, music and dance.

Buxton Festival *23 July-7 August:* Italian theme, with emphasis on opera, premiere of *James and the Giant Peach* by Chappell, fringe events.

Cambridge Animation Festival *13-18 September:* biennial opportunity to see rare animated films.

Cambridge Festival *16-31 July:* Mozart and Haydn in King's College Chapel, Chopin and Liszt on original instruments at Fitzwilliam Museum, other arts events.

Cheltenham Festival of Literature *11-16 October:* lectures, seminars, poetry readings, drama, debates.

Cheltenham Festival of Music *2-17 July:* celebrating Sir Lennox Berkeley's 80th birthday and Webern's centenary.

Chester Summer Music Festival *22-30 July:* orchestras, choirs, masterclasses, Tortelier, Luxon, jazz, children's events.

Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury–Southern Cathedrals Festival *21-24 July:* professional performances of orchestra, choir and organ works at Chichester.

Deal Summer Music Festival *31 July-14 August:* masterclasses, lectures, concerts.

Disley – Lyme Park Festival *23-31 July:* crafts, folk, sport, carnival theatre at Lyme Hall.

Fishguard Festival *23-30 July:* choral and instrumental, new works.

Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester – Three Choirs Festival *20-27 August:* orchestra, choir and organ works in Gloucester cathedral at this 256th Three Choirs Festival.

Helmsley Festival *30 July-7 August:* Yorkshire festival emphasising little-known music by well-known composers.

NEWBURY SPRING FESTIVAL

11-21 May 1983

Full Programme and Booking Form from: Newbury Spring Festival Administration Dept Plaza, Market Place, Newbury Tel: Newbury (0635) 32421

PERTH FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS

May 18 - 29 1983

pfa

Full programme details available from the Round House, Perth. Tel. (0738) 22900.

12TH RYE FESTIVAL
3-10 September

Artists appearing include:

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Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival *end November:* concerts, lectures, emphasis on new music.
Kendal – Folk Festival *26-28 August;* Jazz Festival *23-30 October:* Highlights of former – Morris, clog and rapper sword dancing, Westmorland Step Dancing competition.
King's Lynn Festival *22-30 July:* concerts, Thai music and dance, exhibitions, John Piper watercolours, etc.
Kirkcudbright Puppet Festival *6-12 August:* glove, shadow, rod puppets, marionettes; puppeteers from all over Britain gather in Galloway.
Leeds – Mystery Plays and Renaissance Festival *30 April-2 May:* the Chester Cycle performed on wagons in a Tudor street with stalls, exhibitions, concerts, more drama.
London – Festival of City of London *10-23 July;* Greenwich Festival *11-26 June;* Hackney Festival *September/October;* Kensington and Chelsea Festival *4-11 June;* London International Festival of Theatre *8-21 August;* Marx and Sparx (the CP party) *25 June;* South Bank Summer Music *14-28 August.*
Ludlow Festival *25 June-10 July:* 'Antony and Cleopatra' in the grounds of Ludlow Castle, music, children's events, fringe.
Mananan International Festival (Isle of Man) *25 June-3 July:* music, jazz, ballet, Borodin's 'Petite Suite', Liszt's 'Othello', talks, exhibitions, Any Questions.
Newcastle Festival *9-23 October:* literary events, music of all kinds, film festival.
Perth Festival *18-29 May:* art, dance, drama, music.
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Polesden Lacey Theatre *29 June-10 July:* open air theatre.
Rye Festival *3-10 September:* jazz, drama, puppets, films, cabaret, buskers.
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Dorothy Thompson

Breaking moulds

Eve and the New Jerusalem: Socialism and Feminism in the 19th Century
BARBARA TAYLOR *Virago* £9.95 & £5.95

Mary Evans Picture Library

Robert Owen demonstrating his idea of the ideal woman

Barbara Taylor has written a lively and compulsively readable account of an episode in 19th-century history which refuses to slot into the neat categories into which that discipline has become divided. Although there is little in her book which will be unfamiliar to scholars of the period, as her wide range of secondary references indicates, her subject, as reviews in the press have already shown, will be new and surprising to readers of standard works of labour history or of women's history. One of its greatest virtues is the challenge it offers to these well-established departments of history. For the Owenite women who are her chief subject have been something of an embarrassment in the past for historians seeking respectable ancestries for contemporary preoccupations. Neither Fabian nor Marxist labour historians have been happy with communitarian socialists as precursors, while those women's rights agitators who have sought to show that women can do men's jobs as well as men, have kept well clear of those wayward sisters who challenged established patterns of sexual practice or basic marriage law. It is part of the coming of age of social history as a discipline in the last two decades that 'failed' movements have beome legitimate objects of study, and that 'Utopian' thought has regained a place in areas hitherto preoccupied with 'science' – above all with the dismal and dubious 'science' of economics. Reading this book one senses a perceptive and sharp-minded historian of ideas who, starting from an examination of the ideas of Owen and the Owenites about women and the family, has been dragged into the social study of the lived experience of people trying to put into practice the implications of those ideas.

The book's greatest strength is its sympathetic and undogmatic examination of the contradictions and traps which beset the women who are its subject. For the most part they had no property and were not protected by propertied families; they tried by conviction and enthusiasm to challenge the status they had been allocated in their communities and in the country at large. The early industrial period saw many changes in the authority of women in the family and in the wide community. The intensification of exploitation which accompanied expanding production and trade brought into question many hitherto accepted patterns of work and training. Women were ousted from some occupations and introduced, often as cheap labour, into others. New conflicts developed between men and women workers and between unmarried women and workers with families. Part of the search by radicals, socialists and communitarians was for ways to restore harmony, to avoid competition among working people and to defend the values of the working communities. As in all such periods of change, many of the questions asked by reformers went far beyond immediate matters of politics, work and wages, and took in family and sexual relations. Doctrines of equality and self-government which informed radical politics were extended to cover other aspects of human relations. The years of Owenism and Chartism were years in which the emergence of a powerful middle-class doctrine of political economy was being challenged from below, in the name both of values embodied in the older culture of the manufacturing districts and of ideas and values developing out of that culture but making new demands on behalf of the wealth producers in the expanding economy.

Although women were involved in the popular radical movements of the time, there was not a specifically female attitude in Chartism. Clearly the women were even more incensed than the men by the doctrines embodied in the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834. Their opposition was based mainly on a defence of the family, of their right to care for their own children, to receive support from the father of their child if they were unmarried, and to face the hardships of sickness or unemployment as a family and not in the harsh confines of an impersonal and segregated workhouse. Women formed a large part of the anti-poor-law and Chartist crowd, and although few were prominent in the national leadership, in the localities many took on organising and educational responsibities. Labour historians have characterised women's hostility to the act as traditional in outlook, harking back to a paternalist society. The very presence of women in the demonstrations was

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seen by late 19th-century and early 20th-century writers as somehow trivialising the movement and making it less fundamentally serious. In the same way, the Chartist Land Plan was presented as reactionary and peasant-oriented as compared with the Owenite communities which looked forward to a socialist society and the abolition of private property. This dichotomy between traditional and modern has bedevilled much of the actual study of the period, in particular perhaps the study of the Owenites, in whose movement paternalism and ultra-modernity were hopelessly entangled.

In fact, local research shows that opposition to the new poor law was strongest among the most independent women – like those of the highly factoryised community of Ashton-under-Lyne, who declared in a manifesto in which they also looked forward to enjoying the elective franchise that 'no man shall ever enjoy our hands, our hearts, or share our beds that will not stand forward as the advocate of the rights of man, and as the determined enemy of the damnable New Poor Law . .' It was districts, like Failsworth and the Colne Valley, which had a strong Owenite tradition which took up the Chartist Land Plan most enthusiastically. In actual experience the search for independence and autonomy, for a space in which to begin to create for themselves a more just and equal society informed a whole range of experiments and projects which cannot be so easily categorised. Few of Barbara Taylor's characters were Owenites in the full sense of the word. Owen's ideas on marriage opened up the question for many of his followers, but in practice his ideas were often inimical to the kind of relationship that the women were looking for.

IT IS THE extent of Owenism as a popular movement as opposed to the general diffusion of some of Owen's ideas throughout popular radicalism that is least convincingly presented in the book. Owen's attachment to general unionism was a *post facto* support for a movement which owed little or nothing to his teachings. When the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union collapsed, it was not the Association of All Classes and All Nations that arose from its ashes, but the very different Chartist movement. An examination of the careers of hundreds of radical trade unionists shows few if any going into the AACAN, while the early Chartist movement was staffed by such people. The Dorchester labourers, perhaps the most famous of the GNCTU figures, became, like many more, Chartists and later members of the Land Company, or emigrated to become working farmers. The local Owenites, apart from one or two large city branches, remained small and isolated. To suggest, as Barbara Taylor does, that the *New Moral World* had a readership exceeding that of the *Northern Star* is quite unbelievable. Working-class autobiographies, Chartist and non-Chartist, abound with references to the *Star*. Railways and newsagents had to lay on special delivery arrangements to handle it, but at its highest its circulation was never more than 60,000. To suggest that the *NMW*, which is hardly recollected in any but Owenite accounts, had a readership of 400,000 is surely fantastic. It may be, as Dandy Mick says in *Sybil*, that it was often 'gratis', but the figure remains unconvincing. To be sure many Chartists, like William Ellis, transported for 21 years for his part in the 1842 riots, had been influenced by Owen, and could discourse, as Ellis did in prison to Cooper, on 'the coming of universal brotherhood and of the world-spread of the great community'. But Ellis was active as a Chartist, and the actions for which he was deported would not have been tolerated in a member of the AACAN.

But the Owenite women are none the less interesting for being a very small group. Their courage in lecturing or in entering communities which practised the 'Social system' and defied conventional sexual mores made their experiences sometimes tragic and always moving. Rich women could and in many cases did defy convention and lead lives of considerable freedom. Middle-class ladies like Harriet Martineau could call for greater access to political and educational privilege for their own kind, while preaching the doctrines of Malthus and the new poor law to the poor, and condemning any departure from the most conventional acceptance of marriage and property laws. Male social theorists could argue that the activities of study or workplace represented the truly human elements in man's nature, while his hearth and home catered only for his animal needs. The Owenite women could accept none of this.

They wanted to combine the pleasures of sex, the fulfilment of childbirth, the care for and love of husband and children with a wider life of the intellect and imagination and a fuller participation in the politics and government of their community. Much of what they said must have appealed strongly to poor women trapped in unhappy marriages, but the contradictions and confusions of their lives brought little hope to their would-be disciples. Feminists of the later part of the century found little reason to acknowledge them as forerunners.

After a lapse of a century and a half, the modern women's movement has brought personal and family relationships back into the arena of politics, and it is easier to understand and sympathise with these pioneers. This may be the justification for the use of some terms which were not only not used by the Owenites, but were not in use at all at the time. In particular the word 'feminism' for me confuses rather than clarifying. It is a word that has gone through several meanings and will probably go through more, and is as out of place as the Blake illustration on the front cover. But these are small points, and overall this is a book to be welcomed. It is to be hoped that it will stimulate further research into the local experience of Owenite groups, into the children of the communities, and perhaps more into a linking of the experience of home-based communities with that of the less confined overseas settlements whose achievements in the sphere of women's liberation may well have more positive accomplishment to record. □

LITERATURE
Patricia Craig

Ways of escape

The Other Man: Conversations With Graham Greene
MARIE-FRANCOISE ALLAIN *Bodley Head* £6.95

Religious belief adds savour to ordinary transgressions and backslidings; this is perhaps one reason why, for Graham Greene, humanitarianism has never been enough. Faith transcending the betrayals it is subjected to: this is one of his themes. The impingement of public matters on private lives is another, and here he has been able to draw on his own experience. Danger attracts this author above everything else. He turns up in Kenya during the Mau Mau rebellion, in Indo-China in the middle of the fighting around Phat Diem, in Latin America in the company of guerrillas. (Only Belfast was too much for him: he left after five days there in 1978.)

A fear of boredom, he has told us, is the force that drove him to such extremes. Boredom began to threaten his equanimity when he reached sixteen; thereafter he took measures, sometimes foolhardy and melodramatic, to cut it out of his life.

The instinct for danger is augmented by a relish for the paradoxical and equivocal (this much is clear from the books) but his reticence about his personal affairs is well-known. It is true that *A Sort of Life* exists as a sort of autobiography, dealing with his early years (selected incidents only); but its sequel, *Ways of Escape*, seems designed, more than anything else, as a way of evading the confessional urge, while appearing to gratify it. It's an extremely interesting and entertaining work, like everything else he has written, as well as being indirectly illuminating; but it can't, with justice, be classed as autobiography.

To what extent does *The Other Man* succeed in filling the gaps? Marie-Françoise Allain announces at once that she ran into a wall while trying 'to penetrate the recesses of this paradoxical personality' – a floating

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Dublin Sunday Press

"An interesting and important book . . . *Contact* is not a political prescription but reportage, which despite Clarke's own involvement rises to the level of Michael Herr's *Dispatches*."
David Rose,
Time Out

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Derek Brown,
Guardian

"Excellent evocation of the Ulster scene and of some of the military operations, particularly the riot control."
John Keegan,
Sunday Times

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wall. Some time later, the floating wall 'abandons its evasions to become an impregnable fortress'. There's more than a touch of moonshine about this wall. By insisting on his right to keep his private experiences private, and through the teasing, mocking way in which he repels intrusion, Greene is apt to provoke portentousness in his interlocutor.

'Anguish and self-control are two contrasting elements reflecting the internal dissensions of Graham Greene'; 'riddled with inner conflicts'; 'his welter of complicities' – such phrases, occurring in the short, overwritten introductions to each section, suggest an attempt to impose significance on the few facts we have, in a manner alien to the dry, humorous spirit of Greene's own remarks. 'What you take for anguish', he tells his interviewer at one point, 'is . . . no more than a slight case of bulging eyes.'

MARIE-Françoise Allain is the daughter of Yves Allain, a French Resistance leader murdered in Morocco in 1966, whom Greene had known during the war ('I'm proud to have been his friend', he says, dedicating the book to Yves Allain's memory); it's largely for this reason that the author has, for once, suppressed his disinclination to talk about himself. The conversation depends on certain prescribed forms, though; some topics make him tetchy, as they always did. When he mentions 'private worries' which afflicted him in 1951, and the interviewer is incautious enough to venture an opinion that 1951 coincides with *The End of the Affair*, back comes the sharp retort, 'More or less. Perhaps we can get back to the real questions?'

'Real questions' include the matter of political allegiance, inconstancy as an expression of integrity, all the shadowy areas where commitment and repudiation converge. If the questions put to him here are sometimes tiresomely vague, his answers are always succinct and pointed. Conspicuous caginess is matched, in the case of Graham Greene, by a disarming awareness of absurdity in his own concerns. Amused incomprehension is the line he takes over the conscientiousness of his English academic biographer – whose researches, it seems, have been attended by entirely appropriate mishaps: 'Terrible things keep happening to him . . .'

Actually, a great deal has been written about Graham Greene; in a number of his current remarks you can detect the energy of repeated disagreement with some conventional view, or contempt for some facile label ('Greeneland', for example, may be a handy reviewers' term but it's a figment of someone else's imagination, he asserts, not his).

By inviting him to comment on qualities commonly attributed to him and his works, Marie-Françoise Allain elicits a rehearsal of old ideas and arguments. Fortunately Graham Greene is never dull, and his opinions bear reiteration. You end up hoping, however, that this isn't as far as he's going to go in the direction of self-revelation. □

INTERVIEWS
Francis Wheen

Wire-less

In Character
JOHN MORTIMER *Allen Lane* £6.95

Book reviewers in 1983 have a great advantage over our counterparts from the days of old: we can study the plugs before writing our reviews. The plugs in question are those otherwise inexplicable 'profiles' and 'interviews' which appear on Radio 4 and in the quality newspapers just before a book is published. If John le Carré appears on a chat show, can his new novel be far behind?

Last week I heard John Mortimer being interviewed by Libby Purves on the wireless. I had always assumed that Mortimer's interviews with various notables, published in the *Sunday Times* over the past few years, were tape recorded. I was wrong. Mortimer told the listeners that a pen and a notebook were his only companions.

This information helps to explain why Mortimer's interviews are so much better than Terry Coleman's interviews in the *Guardian*. When Anthony Howard became editor of the *New Statesman*, in 1972, he wrote of his distaste for the journalists who came to interview him 'bearing their machines with them. Often they could not work them and spent at least half the time when we should have been talking scrabbling about with plugs and leads on the floor.'

More importantly, the presence of a tape recorder affects the way in which an interviewee speaks. As Anthony Howard wrote, Terry Coleman 'lumbered himself with having to listen to a tedious oration about the Oxford Union, since if a microphone is stuck in front of you, that's the kind of thing you start doing'.

Mortimer's fondness for the old technology is a necessary but not a sufficient explanation for his excellence as an interviewer, which shines through this collection of his *Sunday Times* articles. What really distinguishes Mortimer from his rivals is his sensibility. It is now common practice for quality newspapers to describe almost any interview as a 'portrait' or 'profile'. In most cases, the title is undeserved. But Mortimer is an exception: he arrives at the interview armed with a humane morality of his own and a rare gift for avoiding the obvious.

Here, for example, is how he begins his interview with Tony Benn:

> 'I thought', I said to Tony Benn, 'that we might discuss Christianity. For instance, do you believe in God?'
>
> 'Christianity?' Benn started off with his usual enthusiasm. 'You know the bishops banned Tyndale's translation of the Bible. They didn't want the people to read Christ's

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social message.'

'Yes, but you were confirmed in Westminster Abbey. Do you . . .?'

Benn wriggles vigorously for several minutes in this fashion. Finally, at the seventh time of asking ('So you don't believe in God?') Benn gives a straight answer: 'Put it like that', he says, 'no.'

Although that extract may suggest otherwise, it would be wrong to think of Mortimer as a combative interviewer, bludgeoning his interviewees into a full confession. One cannot, for instance, imagine him dishing out the kind of treatment which David Frost gave to Savundra. Even when interviewing ne'er-do-wells, Mortimer is usually generosity itself. This makes his little outbursts of indignation all the more notable. For most of his interview with James 'Christian' Anderton, the chief constable of Manchester, Mortimer is content to let Anderton's thoughts on justice pass without comment. But when the chief constable dwells on the joys of caning, Mortimer can stand no more:

> He had the look of deep and complacent satisfaction which men assume when they speak of having been beaten in childhood.

Yet when one expects Mortimer to be severe, one is usually confounded. Lord Denning reveals that 'I must be one of the few people around who've ever sentenced anyone to death'. Not unnaturally, Mortimer asks how he felt about it. 'Didn't worry me in the least', Denning replies. Even the First World War, in which two of Denning's brothers were killed, doesn't seem to have given him any worries: Denning never questioned the war, because 'the King and Parliament had decided on it. That was all we needed.' Mortimer allows Denning to reveal this moral vacuum without adding any otiose editorial comments.

He does the same for Robb Wilmot, a young computer whizzkid who also has a hole where his soul should be. 'Don't you find doing business in South Africa distasteful?' Mortimer asks; 'I mean, what do you think of the politics there?' 'South African politics?' Wilmot replies. 'I'm neutral.' He is presumably 'neutral' about hanging and World War I as well.

My one regret about this book is that only three of the 27 interviewees are women. Does Mortimer find women uninteresting? Apparently not: there is a marvellous interview with Angela Carter, forthright and funny, and an astonishing piece about the novelist Catherine Cookson, who grew up in a workhouse. Mortimer says that Cookson 'is the only person out of the many I have interviewed who seems to have spent any time at all worrying about the condition of prisoners. But then she learnt her compassion in a hard school.' Britain is full of women who have been through a hard school; I wish Mortimer would seek out a few more of them.

That grumble apart, I have nothing but praise for this book. As Archbishop Runcie says, when Mortimer is taxing him on the subject of God, 'I still find a lot of trenchant truth in all sorts of people. Even people like you, of course.' Indeed. □

Among this week's contributors:

DOROTHY THOMPSON lectures in Modern History at the University of Birmingham. Her books include *The British People 1760-1902* and *The Early Chartists*.

PATRICIA CRAIG is the co-author of *You're a Brick, Angela* and *Women and Children First*.

FICTION

Marion Glastonbury

Life class

The Riding Mistress
HARRIETT GILBERT *Constable* £6.95
The Visitation
MICHELE ROBERTS *Women's Press* £3.50
In the Shadow of the Paradise Tree
SASHA MOORSOM *Routledge* £6.95
The Tiger, Life
SARAH GAINHAM *Methuen* £8.95

Taking stock of the novelist's profession, Virginia Woolf ascribed her own failure to record the subjectivity of the senses, what women feel in the flesh, to 'the extreme conventionality of the other sex'. The revelatory impulse was, she argued, checked at source by the dread of male censure, ridicule or distaste. The idea that this paralysing self-censorship – 'be pure' – was universal and, as yet, irremediable has proved a spur to Virginia Woolf's successors. When it comes to communicating physical sensation, the truth of the body (in which books have a clear advantage over film), no-one can accuse our generation of not trying. But, while writing honestly about sex still incurs the

Was Karen Silkwood the first deliberate victim of the Nuclear Power Industry?

Shortly after seven o'clock on the evening of 13 November 1974, Karen Silkwood left a downtown café in Crescent, Oklahoma, and headed south along Highway 74. It had been a fraught day, spent negotiating a new union contract with her employers at the Kerr-McGee (KM) Nuclear Facility in Cimarron, just a few miles outside Crescent. Now, after a two-hour debriefing session, she was on her way to a meeting in Oklahoma City. On the seat beside her lay a thin manilla folder, allegedly containing proof that KM officials were deliberately falsifying vital safety tests at the plant. That file, Karen told a friend as she left the café, would 'get Kerr-McGee once and for all'.

Forty miles away, David Burnham, an investigative reporter for the *New York Times* waited patiently for Karen to arrive. She never did. Just outside Crescent, her car sped off the road, skidded for a hundred yards, slewed into a ditch and smashed into a concrete culvert, killing her instantly. Before the night was out, Kerr-McGee officials had rummaged through the wreckage. The manilla folder was never seen again. And later, an independent investigator would testify that, in his opinion, Karen's Honda Civic had been hit from behind by another car moments before she crashed. Just how, and why, was Karen Silkwood killed?

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penalties of self-exposure, there are other, intrinsic, difficulties of expression. The passions that, in life, 'make one little room an everywhere' tend to seem less spacious in literature. Invited to step into the heroine's skin, the reader sometimes risks suffocation.

Intimacy is invigorated by fresh air and exercise throughout Harriett Gilbert's **The Riding Mistress**, a powerfully erotic study of pupil-teacher obsession. This stops short of claustrophobia (though only just) thanks to the varied perspectives and shifting chronology of the narration. We first see Charlotte in her 20s, farouche and talented, standing with a stranger on a wind-swept cross-Channel ferry, as she recalls breaking her collar-bone, at the age of 12, in a reckless bid to attract Mrs Taylor's attention. Years later, they are ardently united, but the enigmatic Helen Taylor has a whim of iron, business commitments and an intrusive old admirer with 'sausage-meat hands'. Sick with jealousy, Charlotte is driven to seek refuge with banal Ben, frivolous Morgan and camp Tarquin, her model at the art college. Imperious grace prompts desire; betrayal thwarts it; illness and weakness turn it right off. Though love triumphs, after a fashion, the outlook is bleak; every life class, party and railway-carriage is filled with fools.

Friendship is less ambivalent and ecstasy more fun in **The Visitation**, which deserves to be approached, like Michele Roberts's poetry, with meditative care. 'One step at a time, duck', as the beloved grandmother warns, 'no good running before you can walk.' And no good galloping through this elaborate lyrical sequence for the sake of finding out what happens next, for it is all richly implicit in the mood of the moment. Memories of childhood – a twin brother, the 11-plus results, holidays in Norfolk, Chartres by night – mingle with the episodic loves of Stephen, George and Robert, and the enduring affection of Beth, to whom the Biblical title obliquely refers, with its invocation of Mary's greeting to the mother of John the Baptist. Both women are pregnant with their own creative promise, their potential for love and revolutionary change.

' "I'm reinventing myself", she shouted. "New country, new person. Maybe that's why I came here".' Officially, Sasha Moorsom's jazzy Jessica, in **In the Shadow of the Paradise Tree**, has come to an African university, as a lecturer in Media Studies, which puts her at the centre of political disturbance in an imaginary military regime. There have always been missionaries in her family and now Jessica wants to rescue everyone: a starving baby, a stray monkey, eager students and forlorn expatriates. She settles a nomad in her garage and takes Tiku, tribesman and housekeeper, to her bed: 'Everything he did was very Zen: that quality of total attention.' The character of the adored in fiction is usually blurred by the dazzle of the rapture they induce; but Tiku is more a cipher than most, because the English outsider, ignorant of his language, cannot even guess his thoughts.

It would be easier to share Jessica's urge to explore Zunia if the country actually existed. The strength and energy of Sarah Gainham's historical adventure **The Tiger, Life** are drawn from her confidently authentic observation of post-war Berlin. The 'endless, tilting, meaningless wreckage' of the famished city haunts Rose's dreams when she first arrives from Vienna, in the aftermath of the Blockade, accompanying her husband, a British journalist and undercover agent. Freddie is so odious that, for whole chapters, I suspected him of secretly working for the Russians. (Gainham regards Communism as akin to Nazism, and her outraged condemnation of Soviet policy omits any consideration of that country's devastation and their 22 million dead.)

Even more arcane than the dark web of espionage and international conspiracy is the ritual code by which the Western newsmen, diplomats and officers of the Occupation conduct their marooned lives, commanding loyalty and loot, public ceremonies and private sprees, bars and brothels. Rose, formerly propertyless, tentative and maritally cowed, discovers her own competence, and romance as well: 'In less than a year, Rose had lived a life-time, finding beauty in a place renowned, even when it still stood, for its ugliness: in the home of enemies, friends.' □

Stuart Henson

Poacher in January

A south-west wind, and mild enough for spring;
Bush elder irritates its purple buds,
In each a twitch, a chrysalis of wings.
The rain has pasted down and spread the clods
And spattered up a gritty wash of starlings
That wheel and furl a hushed smoke. The game birds
Wait, loaded in the hedge like clays. He swings
The car door shut. One rapid pigeon whirrs.

The wind deflects his shadow as it strikes
Across the flooded ruts and the oblique
Slant of day stipples fools' gold in their tin.
Sunk silhouette, he crouches in the dyke:
The water-alloy strip conducts the sun;
Blue barrel tilts; light earths along his gun.

FILMS
John Coleman

Dreams and echoes

Fanny and Alexander (15)
Lumiere Cinema
The Wicked Lady (18)
Leicester Square Theatre, etc; London release
Tales of Ordinary Madness (18)
Screen on the Hill; Studio; Classic, Haymarket
10 to Midnight (18)
Classic, Haymarket

If Ingmar Bergman's lavish, invigorating, elusive and allusive **Fanny and Alexander** is truly the 64-year-old master's farewell to the cinema, then it is a valediction forbidding mourning. A merry libertine's tipsy speech comes closest to ending the revels and commenting on them. The big world may be beset with encroaching evil, but '. . . let us be happy while we are happy . . . take pleasure in the little world, good food, gentle smiles, fruit-trees in bloom, waltzes'. That 'little' world does double duty here. It is the familial microcosm of the Ekdahls, established middle-to-upper-class burghers of a Swedish cathedral city, caught during a year and a bit of their interwoven lives, first assembling at grandma Helena's sumptuous apartments on Christmas Eve, 1907. It is also the enclosed world of artifice and play-acting, as is made specific in an early, halting address to his company by Oscar, actor-manager of the theatre entrusted to him on her husband's death by his mother Helena (Gunn Wallgren), herself once an actress. With apologies for being 'so comically solemn', Oscar suggests that 'sometimes this little world reflects the great world outside', at the least 'gives people a chance of forgetting'. The temptation to daisy-chain together such scattered but prominent pronouncements into some sort of Bergmanian apologia is ever present – and probably not to be resisted.

For this opulent period-piece, running at just over three hours (there is a five-hour TV version) and the most expensive Swedish film to date, is also quite deliberately expansive, inviting the viewer to pick up echoes of the several periods of Bergman, recognise beloved faces from his rep (Gunnar Björnstrand has a mere walk-on), admire the latest if not last outcome of the continuing battle between flesh and the devil. It was Kjell Grede, no mean director himself, who proposed to Bergman that he should for once abjure terminal angst and release on to celluloid some of the relish for life he experienced off camera. And so there is more humour, ranging from the broad to the black, in *Fanny and Alexander* than one had any right to expect after the hideous pessimism of those exiled-in-Germany tes-

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taments, *The Serpent's Egg* and *From the Life of the Marionettes*. But one would hardly call it an outright comedy, for all that. The story moves in and out of the shadows, with the expressive face of 10-year-old Alexander Ekdahl (Bertil Guve), son of the theatricals Oscar and Emilie (Ewa Fröling), cropping up all over the place in close shot, re-living a few of the youthful Bergman's magic and terrible moments for us.

Solemn-visaged little Fanny (Pernilla Allwin), his sister, may have more to do in the longer version: here she is sometimes seen – and then to great effect – but rarely heard. It is Alexander who wanders footloose through grandma's elegantly furnished great rooms, hides under a table, sees a white statue move her arm, toys with a magic lantern and has all the nervous sensibilities. When his father dies and Emilie gets married again, to the primly handsome and grimly tyrannical Bishop Edvard Vergérus (Jan Malmsjö), we rightly fear the worst: Vergérus is already a name of ill omen (*The Face, The Serpent's egg*) and the Bishop's palace proves to be populated by almost comically dragonish and ugly womenfolk. Alexander, already intoning 'Cock, fart, piss, shit . . .' as he processes at his father's funeral, Fanny grinning up at him, is soon in hot water in their bleak new home, caned by the diabolic bishop for having embroidered on a tale about the drowning of the cleric's first wife and children. (In the midst of this brutality, a spark of humour may be found in the casting of Harriet Andersson as the haggish maid who sows the anecdote's seed and then sneaks to her boss.)

Grandma Helena has an old flame in the Jewish antique dealer, Isak Jacobi (Erland Josephson), to whom she fondly confesses during the long Christmas night, 'You were a sweet lover – like strawberries', naughtily reminding us of that other aged Isak, played by Sjöström, in another Bergman masterpiece. But the Jewish Isak here is to show a different side, rescuing Fanny and Alexander by unfathomable trickery in a chest bought from the anti-semitic and hard-up Vergérus, leaving Alexander to the spooky mercies and offices of nephews in the warren of his antique shop. Aron (played by Mats, a Bergman son) fools Alexander momentarily with a towering God-puppet – 'This is the end of me,' says the cowering boy, before formulating the bold, relieved thought that 'if there is a God, he is a shit'; but it is the second nephew Ismael (played by a woman, Stina Ekblad), who is kept caged in and whose pure, androgynous face masks appalling supernatural powers. 'Perhaps we are the same person,' he says, looking at us over Alexander's shoulder in a re-adjusted reference to perhaps the most famous image in *Persona;* and, in cross-cutting, the evil bishop (meant to have devilish associations in the original published screen-play – only a bristling black cat on his desk lingers of that) is seen suffering death by fire. This is less than light-hearted.

Pregnant Emilie, however, is freed to return to the warmth of her mother's home and, in no time, there is a set-piece of joyous double celebration, with the other husbands, wives and children reunited in a choreographed party mirroring the opening Christmas festivities. There and here, Bergman is in his unbuttoned element. Oscar had two brothers. One of these, Carl, is a self-pitying drunk and borrower, given to blistering abuse of his pale German wife, his only talent to amuse exploited in a boisterous Yule-tide 'treat to fireworks' for the delighted kids when he emits three prodigious farts, the last extinguishing candles. The third brother, and third son of Helena, is a philandering restaurateur, Gustav Adolf (beaming Jarl Kulle), blessed – as so many Bergman men have been – with a complaisant wife Alma (Mona Malm), who accepts his bed-breaking love-making with Emilie's delicious, lame little nursemaid Maj (Pernilla Wallgren; and memories of *Smiles of a Summer Night*, so right is she to below-stairs type), as long as he can still satisfy her occasional demands. But this Feydeau frolicking will bring the wheel of plot, such as it is, full circle. At the second and concluding family gathering, it is the christening of both Emilie's baby by Vergérus and of Maj's by Gustav Adolf that is feasted in an atmosphere of seize-the-moment reconciliation.

Emilie and Oscar Ekdahl

The only sour note comes in the joint decision of Petra, Gustav and Alma's elder daughter, and Maj to leave and set up a milliner's shop in Stockholm. Back in Uppsala (for it is clearly in Bergman's birthplace that the film is located), Emilie may be successfully tempting grandma Helena to a return to the stage – in Strindberg's *A Dream Play*, of course. If there is a large degree of self-indulgence, even the suspicion of self-parody, in much of the generous sprawl of *Fanny and Alexander*, such criticisms are rather outmanoeuvred by its special, holidaying status. It is less than a summa and Bergman has made better, more integrated and satisfying films. But it is at the least the sum of its parts and many of these are magnificent, signally the camera virtuosity of Sven Nykvist, whether catching the city's dark turbulent river (a kind of punctuating image) or clusters of torches in the night, or required to capture a gamut of past styles, everything from the gothic of *Hour of the Wolf* through the gut-velvety reds of *Cries and Whispers* to the gaiety of *Smiles of a Summer Night*. Bergman's little worlds congregate into a big-screen pleasure for the senses. God knows what they will look like crammed on a TV rectangle.

Michael Winner's surprisingly restrained thumb-to-nose remake of Leslie Arliss's notorious 1945 **The Wicked Lady** has, if anything, less cleavage than the Margaret Lockwood vehicle that had to be veiled an inch for America. By and large, all the copulation is done starkers. Faye Dunaway, as the bored Restoration milady turned highwayperson, beautifully telegraphs key-emotions to the lens; Sir John Gielgud ('These-are-dark-times') is sublime Hogarth, a Bible-punching butler; the villagers act up a storm with maypoles, hobbyhorses and outbursts of tankard-waving. The scenery is attractive, save for a couple of joke-peachy sunsets of intended vulgarity. Fun. Marco Ferreri's **Tales of Ordinary Madness** has moist-eyed Ben Gazzara mouthing post-Beat garbage as a no-talent lush on the sexual rampage in deepest wino Hollywood. Ravishing Ornella Muti confirms this is Ferreri territory by putting a huge safety-pin through her cheeks and, later, her labia. J. Lee Thompson's **10 to Midnight** has vigilante Bronson, here a cop, in a mindless follow-up of those Winner *Death Wishes*. □

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MUSIC
Andrew Clements

Poise and flow

1982 DEPRIVED us of three of the leading pianists of our time. Artur Rubinstein had retired from the concert hall for several years, and his legacy of recordings is extensive and fully representative, but both Clifford Curzon and Glenn Gould were active, still curious performers. **Gould**'s death at the age of 50, was the saddest loss of all; though he had forsaken public performance in 1964, he had concentrated the more on broadcasts and recording and the steady trickle of discs gave plentiful evidence of the power and virtuosity of his performances. He was quite simply unique in his technical skill and interpretative insight, even if for some tastes those gifts were too wilfully squandered.

His playing of Bach on the piano in particular had a conviction and energy that sweep aside all criticism and it is a happy chance that shortly before his death he recorded for the second time the *Goldberg Variations* (CBS D37779), the work with which he created such a stir in the mid-1950s. Comparisons with the earlier performance are almost all in the favour of the newcomer; the marvellously vivid digital recording draws one into the playing, Gould's tenor crooning included, while the intensity of the inward variations and the rhythmic tautness of the faster ones are more sharply etched than before. Always revising and rethinking his interpretations, Gould has changed his policy on repeats also: the original record contains no repeats; here they are scattered generously and undogmatically through the variations. The result seems to me the most perfect achievement Gould gave to the gramophone.

Decca's tribute to **Clifford Curzon** (SXL 7007) is equally fascinating. From the archives the company has unearthed a previously unreleased pair of recordings of Mozart's D minor and B flat piano concertos (K.466 and K.595) made in the Snape Maltings in 1970 with the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Benjamin Britten. Curzon was not entirely satisfied with his account of K.595 and planned to record it again, but this serene, crystalline playing would have been difficult to better. Britten's support is remarkable, contriving to make the D minor a fearsomely dramatic work, charged with nervous energy, and moulding the lyrical lines of the B flat in a way that comes close to matching Curzon's own matchless sense of poise and flow.

Of the same generation as Curzon, **Rudolf Serkin** is still a busy recording pianist and is currently working through the Mozart concertos. But a reissue of the Brahms B flat concerto with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra (CBS 60140) from 1967 is something else altogether; Serkin and Szell struck marvellously creative sparks off each other and this account, despite its sometimes fierce sound, would be hard to better for its sinewy strength and vitality. There is more than one way to approach this concerto but Serkin's way is, for the duration of the performance at least, utterly convincing.

Brahms of a mellower hue is represented on **Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich**'s assemblage of the Waltzs Op. 39 with the two Rhapsodies Op.79 and the six *Klavierstucke* from Op. 118. Bishop-Kovacevich is something of a hit-or-miss performer in concert and on record; he has a profoundly satisfying pairing of the last two Beethoven sonatas to his credit which stands comparison with anyone, and the new recital is an equally strong contender in a perhaps less crowded field (Philips 6514 229). There is never any attempt in his playing to curry favour with surface glitter; the performance works its way from the inside out, though there is no shortage of physical involvement. In the Waltzes maybe a little more surface elegance would have been appropriate, but the Rhapsodies and pieces of Op. 118 represent Brahms at his most concise and compressed, and for those Bishop-Kovacevich finds the precise tone, confiding and frankly passionate in turn.

Liszt on the piano is slightly out of fashion at present, but **Jorge Bolet**'s recent London recitals have been received enthusiastically as memories of a past golden age. His projected series of recordings for Decca is evidently going to preserve the recital feel, for the first instalment (SXDL 7596) is a teasing mixture – a Hungarian Rhapsody, Mephisto Waltz concert paraphrase (*Rigoletto*), the balefully impressive *Funérailles* and *La Campanella* to end, dispatched with impeccable *élan*. Bolet is unequalled in this repertory; he has an enormous dynamic range, a tone that is unfailingly rich and full as well as an unerring sense of the shape of every line. His are performances to banish all doubts of Liszt's profundity, luminous and brilliant at the same time. The future releases in this series will need the closest attention.

Sviatoslav Richter has become established as an outstanding Schubert interpreter relatively recently, particularly in recitals at Aldeburgh and the Festival Hall a few years ago. Two discs of early Schubert sonatas recorded at concerts in Tokyo (SLS 5289) will be a glorious memory of that London recital. The playing is not quite as perfectly poised as memory suggests it was on that occasion, the recording too, though digital, is slightly distant. But the audience is admirably quiet and Richter in live performance is always irresistible. The four sonatas – in B major, F minor, A major and A minor – are relatively under-recorded and there is a selection of *Moments musicaux* and *Impromptus* as generous fill-ups. As demonstrations of the full range of a great pianist's art and his ability to transform the most innocent material into memorable images these discs could not be improved upon. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Off

PUNTERS (C4), a show about men who visit prostitutes, managed to sum up the overall tenor of the week's viewing. Rows were audible all over London as husbands told their wives how closely they identified with five frankness freaks who said things like, 'My personal interest is in spanking. I'm not talking about caning, whipping and birching (wasn't he?), I'm talking about spanking with the palm', (swipes the air). 'Certainly I have spanked a girl when I first met her', he told interviewer Jackie Spreckley, whom he had just met. 'If done correctly, it can enhance the moment considerably.' One could see that it might add colour to the occasion, but could Jackie? It was an amusing idea to have a pretty girl ask the questions. 'Do you expect a girl to enjoy the sex?', she asked another punter, the owner of an inscrutable Celtic twang. He seemed genuinely astonished at this concept, but you couldn't catch the details of his outrage. The show was so of-course-I-do honest it went straight through the high-rise zone and out the other side. Bared of traditional stigma, the subject felt rather flaccid.

Pretentious northern 'New Romantic' pop group The Human League appeared on **Switch** (C4) to say how pretentious other New Romantic groups like them were. Pop groups should grow up, they thought, the way Hollywood has done. What? Hollywood has a nipple fixation stretching back further than Jayne Mansfield. Its **Oscar Ceremony** (ITV) made our BAFTA awards look almost adolescent. Rounded little actors, without parts to cover their partlessness, came tripping down a fairy staircase to introduce other rounded little actors, similarly bereft, who burst into tears for no reason. Out of the blue, someone introduced Dudley Moore. Dudley has done well in Hollywood because he is so tall. He was famous enough to shout 'Shut up!' at the tinkering orchestra. This was show business. It brought the house down. There was nothing for Dudley to receive this year, so he introduced Richard Pryor, who had nothing to receive either.

Dudley turned his back on Richard's introductory pause and brought the house down. This was show business. A voice from Pryor's tuxedo introduced 'two rising stars of the screen' who came tripping down the stairs and ad-libbed to the effect that they had never met before that evening. (We hadn't met them either.) 'Who's gonna open the envelope?', ad-libbed the male one. 'You're the man', ad-libbed the female one controversially. Inside was a name that brought the house down. Bob Hope appeared and gave an Oscar to Mickey Rooney, who cried. It was time for Bernadette

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Peters and Peter Alp to try out their Irving Berlin Interlude. Peter was no Lionel Blair and Bernadette's rehearsal was showing. They danced, then Peter was bumped up on to a platform by the chorus line. He sang a song lying on a piano while sixty million eyes followed the progress of his top-hat, which had fallen off and was stealing the show by rolling about under the piano in a fit of vicarious embarrassment. For a fascinating contrary view of Gandhi's legacy to India see **Wise Man and the Wheel,** by James Bellini, to be shown to unsegregated audiences on Channel 4 this Sunday at 10.15 p.m.

Why is it called **SWALK** (C4)? They're not writing to each other, are they? They're all there together in the living room, arguing, like all other TV families. The only difference is that this one seems to think the trouble is Catherine's pregnancy. It isn't. It's clearly a class problem within the family. The kids are mad with their parents for talking with such stuck-up accents and the parents are mad at having to play all their scenes in such a cramped, cheap-looking kitchen. I'm looking forward to the moment when the penny drops and class warfare breaks out.

A severely crippled woman came on **Newsnight** (BBC-2) last week to advocate the wider availability of the EXIT pamphlet on euthanasia. The snappily titled EXIT has had to change its name to something less New Wave now, but the advice it gives still involves sleeping pills and plastic bags which, if wielded wrongly, the woman warned, can result in brain damage and life. She herself planned suicide as an alternative to hospitalisation.

I SUPPOSE television represents a possible compromise measure for such people, but should it be performing this function for the rest of us? If only there was an organisation dedicated to helping 4- and 5-hour men like myself gently pull the plug on their flickering life-support systems I'd think seriously about joining. It could be called 'Off' perhaps, or 'Viewers Anonymous', and the kit would include a black plastic bag and a brick for going cold turkey. As everyone knows, switching 'off' in the middle of an average evening's entertainment – and aren't they all? – can be a painful shock, leaving one empty and confused. If one could feel that other people were going through the same thing I'm sure it would make deprivation easier to tolerate. The crunch would come when members came to pay their TV rental.

You probably think I'd chicken out, but I have to watch TV for a living. I have that excuse. I've seen to it. I'm here to encourage the rest of you. Screw that final reminder! When two men push past you in the hall, don't think of them as heavies from the rental company come to repossess your set, think of them as angels come to help you through your withdrawal screams. 'To get an idea of our fellow countrymen's miseries we have only to look at their pleasures.' George Eliot. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

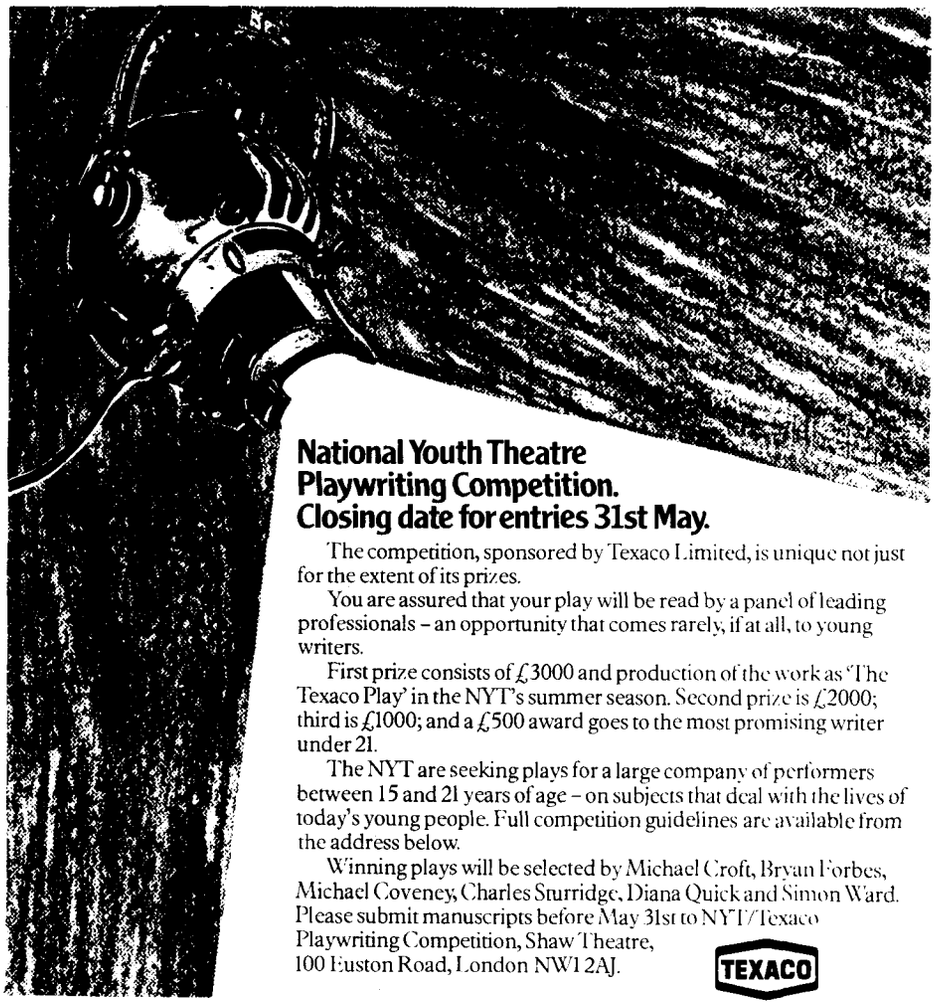
Absolutely

The Rivals
SHERIDAN *Olivier*
The Nine Night
EDGAR WHITE *Bush*
Daisy Pulls It Off
DENISE DEEGAN *Globe*
Edmund Kean
RAYMUND FITZSIMONS *Lyric, Hammersmith*

The Recruiting Officer, The Beaux' Stratagem, The Double Dealer, The Provoked Wife: if the National has been consistent in anything throughout its 20-year history, it has been in the reclamation of Restoration and 18th-century comedy from the fans, flounces and cries of 'La!' behind which it has hitherto been all but invisible. With Shakespeare the company may have nodded, or even lapsed into coma; with Congreve and Farquhar and Vanbrugh, it has always kept itself and us marvellously awake. It is no wonder, then, that the new **Rivals** should prove as rewarding as it does, since the National's enthusiasm for psychological and social detail can feed on an author who himself resisted the affectation, improbability and caricature in which many of his precursors preferred to deal. All the text books tell you that by Sheridan comedy had become mellower, more truthful, more *real* and, for once, all the textbooks are right.

Yet reality is a relative commodity. Sheridan was still sufficiently in the thrall of the comic tradition from which he emerged to create a jaunty yokel called Acres, an oppressive father called Absolute and, of course, a genteel verbal vandal called Malaprop. Know the name, know the character. In other words, there was still something for the National's salvage and recycling department to do when it was presented with *The Rivals*; and that something has been done as conscientiously as one would wish. Tim Curry's Acres is neither oaf nor buffoon, in spite of a grin that defies physiology by literally stretching from ear to ear: he is a rather gauche country gentleman, painfully aware of his personal limitations and quick to deprecate them by look and word.

Geraldine McEwan's Malaprop is neither bumbling lady brontosaurus nor dyslexic Lady Bracknell, but a woman whose pride is her intellect and whose weakness is to set it challenges it has never been trained to meet. She is like Sisyphus with his stone, for ever flexing her mental muscles, seizing on intransigent words, and trying to shove them into impossible places. It is a task that, understandably enough, brings her moments of self-doubt, even panic; and, when she thinks she's accomplished it, the relief on that solemn, superior face of hers is mar-



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Winning plays will be selected by Michael Croft, Bryan Forbes, Michael Coveney, Charles Sturridge, Diana Quick and Simon Ward. Please submit manuscripts before May 31st to NYT/Texaco Playwriting Competition, Shaw Theatre, 100 Euston Road, London NW1 2AJ.

TEXACO

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lous to see. But it is also an obsession, a compulsive need to prove and reassure herself: so much so that Miss McEwan can get away with increasing the number of malapropisms provided by her author. Her last sentence, 'Men are all barbarians', quite plausibly becomes 'Men are all Bavarians'; and off she stalks, nostrils quivering, to find new words to conquer.

It is a lovely performance, as is Michael Hordern's Absolute, a jowled bulldog who has seen better days and is embarrassingly apt to remember them when he catches the scent of the opposite sex. A maid has only to appear in the wings for a strange, unsettling blend of growl and wail to emanate from him; and the mere thought of Lydia Languish, the girl he wants his disobedient son to marry, reduces him to ecstasies of head-shaking, eye-rolling and nostalgic snuffling. As he warms to the theme over his breakfast, it's hard to know whether he is devouring her or his eggs. Hordern's Absolute hasn't the bite or even the bark some actors have brought to the part, and he could do more to make parental outrage convincing; but is a splendidly rich presence in himself, with his moth-eaten virility, his frazzled attempts to make sense of a persistently baffling world, his gouty disorientation and elderly vulnerability.

The National's resuscitation and rejuvenation office can be relied on to add to this authenticity by creating a sure sense of place, and it outdoes itself here. The Bath that has been designed by John Gunter and peopled by Peter Wood's direction makes you want to jump out of your seat and take up residence in its stately crescents, walk down its boulevards, ride in its sedan chairs, sit in its orangeries, slump in its bars, play at its billiard tables, and join the milling, umbrella-carrying citizenry as it throngs from barber to tailor or tailor to dancing master. It would be difficult for an actor to give a stilted performance in so solid a context and none achieves that feat: not Patrick Ryecart's lolling, arrogant Jack Absolute, not Niall Buggy's casually murderous Lucius O'Trigger, least of all Edward Petherbridge's Faulkland. This last, you recall, is the lover who alienates his fiancée by constantly putting her affection to the test. Petherbridge adds a thin, fastidious Edinburgh accent to the tense, frayed manner that comes so naturally to him, and offers a memorable picture of an 18th-century neurotic, scratching the good things in his life until they become sore, then healing the sores with frantic self-castigations, then beginning the process all over again.

Very briefly, **Nine Night** is the Black Theatre Co-op's latest attack (well observed but dullish) on those who refuse to face the actual pressures and perils of living in white Britain. **Daisy** is spoof Angela Brazil, not as funny as one had hoped, but disconcertingly effective at drawing you into its clubby world of dorms, sneaks, pranks, hockey heroes *et al*; and Ben Kingsley reminds us that he isn't just a bald sage serenely twirling a spinning-wheel with a snorting, smiling, cackling, squawking, screeching, foaming and yet remarkably plausible portrait of Edmund Kean, fiend and genius. □

DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Come dansing

THE TEN-STRONG New York-based Joyce Trisler Danscompany survived Trisler's premature death in 1979, when it was only five years old, and can now boast an extensive touring record through America and abroad. Trisler was an outstanding modern dancer who trained and danced with West Coast dance pioneer Lester Horton and choreographed for concert stage, opera and Broadway. She became known to London audiences in 1964 when, as principal dancer with the colourful Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, she delighted audiences with a work still performed: *Journey*, a solo of expansive, mellifluous tread that is broken with each interrogative trumpet phrase in Charles Ives' *The Unanswered Question*.

More recently, Trisler used Vivaldi's *La Cetra Op. 9* to make a modern *ballet blanc*, a suite of six movements. There are framing and central sextets; a careful tableau of striking and isolated poses with which the dance begins and ends; generous, unfolding movement; cheeky little steps on the toes and an erotic duet, a sudden intrusion with pelvis and thighs blatantly expressive. We are left somewhat bewildered (what are music and dance about?) but the final impression is of a construction that is neat and comfortable.

For *Four Temperaments*, Trisler has used Hindemith's score composed for Balanchine's better-known work (1946). It is brave indeed to attempt an alternative to an established masterpiece. Whether Trisler intended comparisons or not, it is certainly hard to forget the example. She created a sequence of four duets flanked by ensembles to depict the temperaments Melancholic, Sanguine, Phlegmatic, Choleric (inexcusably unnamed in the programme) but, whereas Balanchine provides a wealth of detailed and brilliant comment to match the changing contours of the score, Trisler smooths over much of the variety within broad sections and, searching for detail to visualise, she comes up with some trite rhythmic and contrapuntal solutions. Long before musical time, her time is up.

Most American modern dancers now train in ballet. The more interesting and the best choreographed can transcend their studies to become free in the vocabularies of other worlds. Most of the Trisler dancers look like ballet dancers of the sleek, high-legged American breed, required to assume only the veneer of the shoeless modern, occasionally adopting extravagantly contracted torsos, impotent facsimile of *Angst*, or decoration. They might all study the Horton technique (one of many strengthening and loosening methods), but the vague stylistic base is fast, gymnastic American ballet without its danciness and spirit. Regina Larkin, who introduces her Choleric duet with a spanking, taut soliloquy, alone manages to inject real points of style and purpose into her work. After two programmes, she's the only dancer I feel I know.

Koan by Gray Veredon has to be about the passion concealed within the ritual of a highly ordered community, orientalised groups of men and women in creamy satins who parade interminably to Stephan Micus' musical *japonaiserie*. At the conclusion, one girl (Larkin) works herself into a fury for want of the man she can't hold on to; the community passes on and abandons her. The emotional arena is male/female confrontation, constantly alternating between physical avoidance and embrace, expressing ambiguous feelings in the most simplistic terms. Time and again, the statement is frozen by a paucity of invention.

Artistic Director Milton Myers has contributed two works to piano music by Stravinsky: *Four Etudes*, a rapid succession of ideas in brief, distinct scenes, and *Ragtime*, a rather tedious trio, both athletic and cute.

Most illuminating in the Danscompany programmes is *The Spirit of Denishawn*, eight brief but telling testimonies to the school and company, the training ground of American modern dance, run by husband and wife team Ruth St Denis and Ted Shawn. It was this energetic pair who carried the news of a valid and respectable alternative to ballet all over America before and during the Twenties. From the reconstructions by Denishawn teacher Klarna Pinska, we see that their interests ranged widely; scarf-waving techniques were displayed, orientalia and myth in the *Spear Dance Japonesque* and *Gnossienne*, evocation of a Cretan rite. On their own admission, the Music Visualisations were inspired by Isadora Duncan. The Danscompany selection included two co-choreographed by St Denis and her famous pupil Doris Humphrey: in Grecian tunics, *Sonata Pathétique*, a group dance that sees Beethoven's first movement as the embodiment of contrasts between aspiration and despair, hostility and harmony; *Soaring* to Schumann, a quintet with a huge scarf. It's a pity, though, that the Trisler company missed the opportunity to inform us more fully either verbally or in programme notes about a heritage in which there is a considerable current revival of interest. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2767 **Set by C. Fever**

After Gamesmanship, Lifemanship and One-Upmanship there was a vogue for Winemanship. Today, however, it is food: no colour supplement is complete without an article which argues that you must *insist* on pink peppercorns with your fresh pasta. Please provide suitable Foodie ploys, gambits and remarks which emphasise the speaker's superior knowledge and taste-

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buds. Keep 'em short: no more than 50 words per ploy. By 6 May.

No 2764 **Set by A. Boteman**

Ballets about modern politics.

Report **By Al Dente**

A pleasing *divertissement*. Eight spring greens apiece.

Sir Geoffrey is roused from his slumbers by the call of the Sirens. The call is represented by two notes played upon 125 horns. As he opens his eyes he is shocked to discover that the Enchanted Trousers are missing. There now follows the exciting and frenzied Dance of the Tabloids.

Scene 4. The palace of the Queen of the Right. The Queen has fallen under the evil spell of the Blue Rinse Maidens from the Temple of Grantham. She impatiently awaits the return of her accomplice Sir Geoffrey. In the meantime she shows the maidens how she will employ the Enchanted Trousers to achieve her evil ideals. She performs the Dance for the Death of Mortals.

Scene 5. The Hills of Darlington. Michael, a poor shepherd, discovers the Enchanted Trousers in a remote field . . .

SUE MERRY

The Woodland Tories have gathered to select their Wouldbe Prince for the coming election. The candidates dance before them with increasing vigour and panache. Finally the Wouldbe Prince himself, in a dazzling display, wins the day, and, as the people depart, he celebrates his triumph in a touching *pas de deux* with his young wife. In Act Two the young wife is tempted in a dream by a chorus of beguiling lefties. The dream turns to nightmare when the Fox King appears and abducts her. Act Three opens with the Wouldbe Prince's bravura dance replayed with lyrical regret. The selection committee reappears as a chorus of hounds and, inevitably, they bring about the Wouldbe Prince's tragic death.

N. J. WARBURTON

Le Mandat Magique

Yet again in a series of *relevés* Marguérite implores the EEC elders to repay her money promptly. They taunt her with promises and she performs a majestic *pas solitaire* to *lacrimoso troppo*, her long legs extended in *developpé* and proceeding to an *arabesque penché*. While this is going on, the Green Spirits of the Common seize the occasion to sally *en masse* from one side; the Gauchos threaten in a vigorous rumba on the other. Reynaldo, under arching lasers, appears in the distance, signifying his frustration. As she whirls on her points, the Scarecrow mimingly hippety-hops in and gleefully steals Marguérite's magic mandate!

GEORGE MOOR

Déliberales' *Esdipélia* is the tale of an old man, Doctor Esdipélius, who makes clockwork dolls by breaking moulds and producing new models. He lives in Glasgow – a fact of no importance, except in allowing Déliberales to introduce a Fling or two, and some White Heather Club reels. The Doctor's daughter, Moderata, is at his window daily, apparently writing a book. Flotivota, an ordinary girl, tries to catch her attention with a *Valse Premise*. Horrified, she spots her beloved Extori making eyes at Moderata too. That night Flotivota enters Esdipélius' workroom, and finds Moderata is a dummy. Esdipélius meanwhile drugs Extori, to give Moderata some soul, but Flotivota pretends to be clockwork too – until the *dénouement*, when she exposes the mad Doctor by leading him a pretty *Danse Electorale*. Déliberales' finest ballet, but seldom successfully performed.

WILL BELLENGER

FIRST PERSON

Denis Herbstein

Out in the cold

MY GRANDFATHER, a Romanian adventurer, made his minor turn-of-the-century fortune peddling tooth powder and saddles to Boer and Briton on the South African veldt. Family oral tradition had his mode of transport as a donkey and cart rather than a bicycle, but I like to think of it as an early example of self-propulsion in the Tebbit tradition. Two years ago this month (hence this piece) I quit my job as a salesperson in the Harold Evans *Sunday Times* supermarket (as he liked to call it) and opened up a little corner shop of my own in North London. Became a freelance journalist.

Rupert Murdoch had acquired the chain and was offering redundancies to 15 of us, any 15 so long as we cleared out our lockers at the beginning of the 1981 tax year. Here was a chance to pre-empt my male menopause, I told friends and anxious family, among whom the pregnant mother of my first child-to-be. Besides, the paper had reached the end of an era. We 'young middle-ageds' (again Harold Evans, nine years my senior, to me) had to give the new proprietor a chance to show his spurs. Journalism, said I, sucking in my breath, is a mobile profession and we should make the most of it. Indeed, one of the 15, Tony Rocca, has suffered two further redundancies since then.

The *Sunday Times* of Roy Thomson was a generous, perhaps too generous, enterprise. One wrote books over the three-day weekend, rambled in the Pennines on working holidays, lunched 'contacts' at hostelries whose names we couldn't quite pronounce, purchased the *Times Atlas* one-third off. And to be sure, wrote a yarn or two weekly.

Being on the *Sunday Times* installed you on the high ground of Fleet Street. We half believed Thomson's commercial about 'one of the world's greatest newspapers'. A call from one of us was like a royal command, opening doors as if by magic; and if it didn't, you knew you were on to a good story. The by-line over a piece gave you an almost synoptic authority. I was overdue for leaving the cocoon.

There is a well-documented cycle to post-job quitting. A week or two of exuberance, touched with black holes just before dawn when you sit up in bed and say, what on earth have I done? Your bank statement then arrives, minus salary. The celebrations are over now, brave talk gives way to money matters.

Breaking free takes time. At first, when introducing my new freelance self to some Nigerian banker or Dutch elm disease specialist, I would casually mention my 12 years on the *Sunday Times*, adding enough to convince him that I had left of my own free will, and not for incompetence or fiddling 'exes'. But now it seems people don't worry much about credentials, as long as you ask them the right questions.

If you have a beat, you are well placed to succeed. These days I write what I choose, not on topics that some news editor has plucked haphazardly from his news list. My farewell for the *Sunday Times* concerned a cockroach trap, which incidentally attracted a larger mail than anything I had done on Africa or the environment. Now, if the *Daily Express* doesn't want a major scoop on a new form of malaria treatment in the Gambia, maybe the *Observer* will, or the *Herald Tribune*, or *West Africa Magazine*. To see my name over that story, which I initiated, researched, sold to a sceptical deskperson, will be tonic enough to fuel another half dozen epics.

There are pitfalls, as in the mountain gorillas of Rwanda. Very hard for a Baby Brownie trainee to capture their black bodies against the bamboo forest. I spent £100-plus duplicating the slides and offered them to just about every colour magazine in Europe and the Antipodes. A fistful of rejection slips and a pile of useless photographs mark the spot.

For those who suffer from a want of organisation in their lives, working from home may not seem like the solution to this malady. I seem to have become the house spouse, supervising the baby, organising the shopping, chicken brick dinner Monday, skate in milk Tuesday; so that, when mother returns from the office, I am asked how my day has been and what have I written and if not, why not.

Dealing with that one is child's play compared with going out to sell your piece. Some newspapers look upon free-lances as the lowest form of life. There is one in particular (can't name, might need, but every paid-up member of the London free-lance branch of the National Union of Journalists will nod her head knowingly) with whom it is wise to establish beforehand the exact rate to be paid, whether the by-line will be used, and will the piece be recognisable after the sub-editors have carved and sliced.

You haggle over the offering as if it were a rug in a soukh. Should I wear a tie? Should I *not* wear a tie? Or you phone, ask for the features editor. He is on holiday. The foreign editor? In a meeting. The deputy news editor? Dead. All right then, give me a secretary. You are talking to one. You leave a message; and He phones. You sell the damn thing. And each time you haggle afresh as if previous deals created no precedent on money or treatment.

On rare visits to my old haunt, former colleagues inquire what it is like out in the cold. Poorer, say I, greyer, a finger to the beard, marginally less lethargic. Still not troubled by VAT. There's also the whoosh of fresh air which either flattens you or lifts your wings and makes you fly. □

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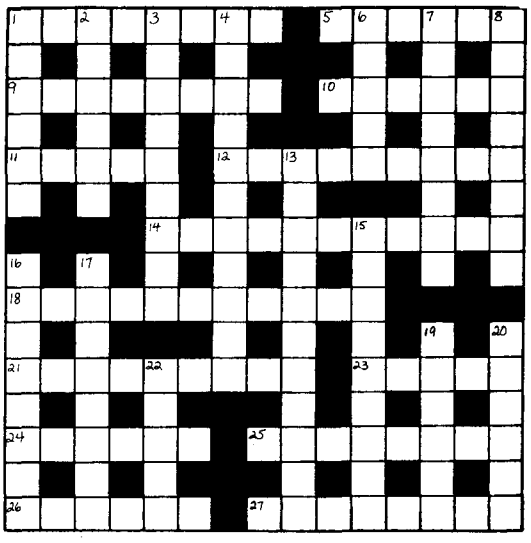
Weekend Crossword 1398

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1398, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 3 May.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

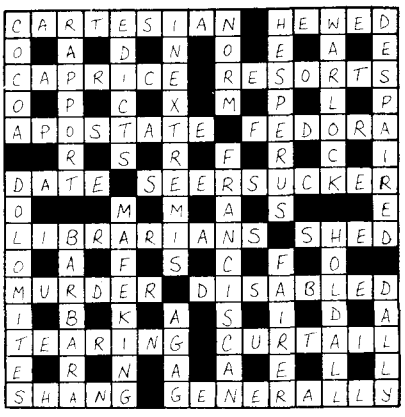
1. Where to live if one is ready to learn about spying. (8)
5. Fretted because one had a meal after something to drink. (6)
9. Aristocrat who puts the accent on spoil. (8)
10. Good speed for bad sailor. (6)
11. It is a perfume which starts an affair. (5)
12. PM and Queen's sister, for example. (9)
14. Tumult cures bandit disorder. (11)
18. Prayer a bird held in its bill. (11)
21. Queer man adored woman. (9)
23. A woman is without time to escape. (5)
24. Condition of a politician when about fifty. (6)
25. Pedestrian who gives one a wave on the street. (8)
26. Track partisanship? (6)
27. Children's railway or soldiers? (8)

DOWN

1. Reduce in status in that he made me answerable to him. (6)
2. Vegetable which has to spoil the line. (6)
3. There is spice for a man in record breaking. (9)
4. Opportunities for church employment are a match for the missionary. (11)
6. The artist takes one to heart and makes one welcome. (5)
7. Ruler goes after a tart on the side. (8)
8. In a piece of furniture one looks smarter. (8)
13. Great man who made his horse grow fat. (11)
15. Wildly in love, be carnal here. (9)
16. Publicity given to climbing mountains with girls. (8)
17. Breeding country on the south coast? (8)
19. Gamble about everything as a means of providing entertainment. (6)
20. Make a man an aesthete or the opposite. (6)
22. Loud in tone, modified in frequency. (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1396



Prizewinners to 1396

Claudia Fletcher (New York)
D. A. Hughes (Shrewsbury)
Margaret Norris (Guildford)

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Poetry

POEMS INVITED for Poetry Competition. Cash Prizes. Adjudicator Josephine Austin, Editor 'FIRST TIME'. Send s.a.e Josephine Austin, 80 St Helen's Road, Hastings, E. Sussex.

Publications

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

TSARIST RUSSIA catalogues available. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham TW2 5AH.

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Holidays/ Travel

DORDOGNE VILLAGE house (mod. cons), careful tenant, 3 months £600. Express Heymans, Mathematics; A.U.B., Beirut. Tel. 961 750.

GAY SOCIALIST SUMMER CAMP: 1-5 June Wiltshire. LCGR, 3 Raleigh Road, Bristol BS3 1QP. Tel. 0272 634203.

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Holidays/Travel

LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST. 28 May-6 June. £135
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Appointments

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

is to appoint a

Parliamentary and Elections Worker

S/he will ensure that CND policy on parliamentary and election issues is implemented.

The main duties are:

1. *Providing liaison and briefing for MPs*
2. *Maintaining a register of the views of MPs and candidates*
3. *Organising lobbies of parliament*
4. *Liaising with CND political party and specialist sections*
5. *Administration of CND's parliamentary and elections committee*
6. *Advising and assisting local CND groups in matters relating to parliamentary and local elections*

Applicants must be able to demonstrate an ability to initiate activity and be prepared to travel extensively.

The post is for **one year** only.

A letter of application and CV should be sent to: **Bernard Newton, CND, 11 Goodwin St, London N4 3HQ by 3 May, 1983. NO TELEPHONE ENQUIRIES PLEASE**

Salary **£7,200** per annum, inc. London Allowance

CND is an Equal Opportunities Employer

Assistant Research Officer

required by

NALGO

to work in the Research Section, responsible for economic and social policy development, including the servicing of specialist committees, working parties, etc., preparing briefing material for senior officers and members of the NEC and the provision of information and advisory services to negotiators.

The successful candidate will be expected to contribute to all aspects of the section's work but initially their major responsibility will be for the union's new Race Equality Working Party.

Appropriate degree an advantage but some knowledge of current economic and industrial relations issues, statistical ability and an awareness of contemporary developments in race relations are more important.

Applicants will be considered on the basis of their suitability for the post regardless of sex, race, marital status or disablement.

Commencing salary: **£11,406 p.a.** on a scale rising to **£12,420 p.a.** (inclusive of London Weighting).

Application forms and further details from the **General Secretary, National and Local Government Officers Association, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ.** Closing date: **6 MAY, 1983.**

ADMINISTRATOR

for

RESOURCE CENTRE

Administrator wanted for community resource centre in Lambeth. Flexible 36-hour week, wage AP3 plus London Weighting. Worker should be experienced in administration and working in a collective, and preferably have a background in printing.

Job description and application form from:

UNION PLACE RESOURCE CENTRE, 122 VASSALL ROAD, LONDON SW9

Tel: 01-735 6123 for further information

Closing date: 16 May

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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LISTINGS

FRI 22 APR

SALISBURY Friends and Allies weekend conf (ends Sun 24) for community artists and workers in related fields. St Edmunds Arts Centre, Bedwin Street. Creche. Adm £7.50. **Org Association of Community Artists. Details: Marion Rose 01-722 5686.**

DURHAM 'Strategies for Welfare: Statutory Responsibility, Privatisation, the Voluntary Sector and the Community'. Day conference. 9.45am Room 201, Elvet Riverside, New Elvet. Morning creche. Adm free. **Org University of Durham Dept of Sociology and Social Policy. Details: Robin Humphrey 0385-64466 Ext 607.**

SAT 23 APR

EXETER CND spring fair. St George's Hall, Market Street. Free. **Org Exeter CND. Details 0392-59935.**

LONDON Benefit in aid of Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp. Amy and the Angels, Au Pairs, Gymslips. ULU, Malet Street, WC1. Adm £2.50/£1.50 unwaged (tickets on door only). **Org Anti Sexist Noise (formally Rock Against Sexism).**

LONDON 'Britain's Economic Recession': Basic introduction to Monetarist, Keynesian and Marxist theory. 10.30-4.30pm ULU, Malet Street, WC1. £2/£1 CSE members & unwaged. **Org Conference of Socialist Economists.**

LONDON 'The Crisis in Housing': Introductory dayschool. Spkrs John Allen, Mike Ball and Sophie Watson. 10.30-4.30pm ULU, Malet Street, WC1. Adm £2/£1 CSE members and unwaged. **Org Conference of Socialist Economists.**

LONDON 'Disarm for Development': Day conference. With Inga Thorsson, former Swedish Ambassador to UN. 9.30-4.00pm Friends House, Euston House, Euston Road, NW1. Adm £3/£1.50 unwaged. **Org UNA 01-930 2931.**

LEEDS Seminar on Psychological Aspects of the Nuclear Threat. 9.15-1pm. Clin. sci. Bldg, St James's Hospital. Fee £2. **Org North & West Yorks. Medical Campaign Against Nuclear Weapons 0532-780274.**

LIVERPOOL 'A Woman's Place': North-west Regional Socialist-Feminist Conference on Women & Housing. Day conf. Friends Meeting House, Paradise Street, Liverpool 1. Adm £1/£1.50 waged; 50p unwaged. Creche. Women only. **Details: Sue 051-709 1462 or Dot 051-708 5844.**

BRADFORD Organise to survive. 2-day training seminar for CND groups with Dan Plesch. Peace Studies Centre. £3 waged/£2 unwaged incl. **Org Bradford Nuclear Disarmament Group 0274-578199/601672.**

SUFFOLK Grand Benefit Evening with John Williams, Neil Innes, Roger McGough. 7.30pm Snape Maltings Concert Hall. Tickets £3.50-£5.50. **Org East Anglian Alliance Against Nuclear Power 0473-214308.**

SUN 24 APR

LONDON GLC Nuclear Bunker Party. Tom Robinson, David Rappaport, Spartacus R, Benjamin Zephaniah. 7pm Theatre Royal, Stratford East. Adm £3/£3.50 on the door. **Org GLC.**

LONDON 'A New Look at Israel'. Spkr Lynne Reid-Banks. 8pm 37 Broadhurst Gardens, NW6. **Org Mapam. Details: 01-328 2554.**

SUFFOLK 'Fly for Peace': Non-violent demonstration. 12 noon Lakenheath Air Base, Nr Mildenhall. **Org Nottingham CND and Families Against the Bomb Peace Camp.**

MON 25 APR

SUFFOLK Blockade the gates at Lakenheath Air Base. 6.30am Lakenheath Air Base, Nr Mildenhall. **Org Nottingham CND and Families Against the Bomb Peace Camp.**

WED 27 APR

LONDON 'Rising Crime: Labour's Answer'. Spkrs Roy Hattersley MP and Peter Hain. 8pm, Southmead School, Princes Way, SW19. All welcome. **Org Putney Labour Party 01-788 8961.**

LONDON 'Details of Hammersmith's Secret War Plan': Public meeting. Spkrs C. Soley MP and D. Wetzel (GLC). 8pm Baptist Church, Shepherds Bush Road, W12. **Org Shepherds Bush CND.**

LONDON 'Defence without the Bomb'. Launch of book prepared by Alternative Defence Commission. Spkrs, discn. Free (collection). 7.30pm Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queen Square, WC1. **Inquiries: 01-831 7711.**

THURS 28 APR

LONDON School governors, councillors and the politics of schooling. Seminar & discn led by Rosemary Deem. 5.30-7pm. Room C12, Kings College, The Strand, WC2. **Org Politics, Education and Society Seminar Group c/o 01-836 5454 Ext 2325.**

LONDON Public meeting Greenham Common and Labour. Guest spkrs Helen John and Anne Cesek. 7.30pm Islington Central Library, Holloway Road. **Org Islington South & North Labour Parties.**

LONDON SACU Tours Introductory Evening. 6.30-9.00 St Pancras Church House, Lancing Street, NW1. Adm £1 (non-members). **Org Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding: 01-267 9841.**

LONDON 'Fear at Work' public meeting about fighting job blackmail. Spkrs Richard Kazis (USA) and Darryl Alexander. 8pm Black Horse pub, 6 Rathbone Place, W1. **Org British Society for Social Responsibility in Science/Trade Union Bookservice. Details: 01-437 2728.**

FORTHCOMING

29 APR London Open meeting on Health for Women. 7pm County Hall, York Road, SE1. Creche. Sign language interpretation. **Org GLC Women's Committee. Details: Helen Hewland 01-633 1113.**

30 APR Liverpool 'Peace and Jobs': Conference. 11-4pm Friends Meeting house, 65 Paradise Street, Liverpool. **Org People's Campaign for Jobs and Peace.**

30 APR London Orchestre Jazira in concert for El Salvador. 8pm London School of Economics, Houghton Street, WC2. £2.50/£2 unwaged/£3 on the door. **Org LSE El Salvador Society. Details: 01-359 2270.**

30 APR London 'Socialist Alternatives for Post-School Education': Conference. Spkrs Janet Finch, Phillip Whitehead MP, Caroline Benn, John Fisher, Mike Rustin, Royden Harrison. 10.00-4.30pm ULU, Malet Street, WC1. **Details: Campaign for Higher Education 01-519 4910.**

1 MAY London May Day Peace Festival. 12-7pm Victoria Park, Hackney. **Org GLC. Details Ken Hulme 01-633 7060.**

2 MAY Birmingham May Day Festival for Peace and Jobs. 12.30 March from Handsworth Park. 2pm Festival at Digbeth Civic Hall. Adm £1/50 unwaged/25p children. **Org Birmingham May Day Committee: 021-236 8323.**

2 MAY Birmingham May Day Rock for Peace and Jobs. 8pm Digbeth Civic Hall. Adm £2/£1 unwaged. **Org. Birmingham May Day Committee: 021-236 8323.**

3 MAY Glasgow Palestinian Cultural Evening. 7pm Queen Margaret Union. **Org West of Scotland Friends of Palestine. Details: 041-942 8804.**

6-8 MAY Sussex 'Influence of the Media' conf. Spkrs Celia Fremlin, Gareth Griffiths, Brian Murphy, William Beslon, Hugh Thompson. £38. Chelwood Gate, Nr East Grinstead, Sussex. **Org Progressive League. Details: Jack Small 01-959 3725.**

7-8 MAY London 'Media in the '80s' weekend conference. Spkrs incl Harriet Harman, Jake Ecclestone, Anna Coote, Patricia Hewitt, John Pilger. 10-5.30pm Sat (plus evening benefit at 7.30-midnight) and 10am Sun. Goldsmiths College, Lewisham Way, SE14. Creche. **Org Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom. Details: 01-437 2795.**

8 MAY Liverpool People's March for Jobs '83 Benefit Concert. Au Pairs, local band. 8pm Warehouse, Fleet Street, Liverpool. **Org People's Campaign for Jobs and Peace.**

13 MAY Oxford Levellers Day '83 8-10pm Church House and Yard, Burford. £1.50 (until May Day)/£2 (after May Day). **Org WEA Oxford Industrial Branch. Details: 0865-721277.**

20 MAY London Women and children outside marriage. One-day seminar on social, legal & economic aspects of births outside marriage. Camden Centre, Camden Town Hall, Bidborough Street, WC1. Adm £15 (incl lunch). Creche. **Org National Council for One Parent Families 01-267 1361.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Details: Assistant Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HX. Tel: 01-637 9563 (24-hr. brochure service).

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Meetings

ANIMALS & POLITICS. Friday 29 April 7.30 p.m. *County Hall, London SE1. Ken Livingstone, Valerie Veness, Kim Stallwood.* All Welcome. Enquiries: British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, 143 Charing Cross Road, London WC2H OEE. Tel. 01-734 2691/ 01-434 2512.

KENNETH GRIFFITH, Actor/Director on 'I Once Saw Shaw in The Haymarket'. Shaw Society, Friday 29 April, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7.00 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE. Sunday talks on eastern thought and spirituality in London and Bourne End. All welcome. Vedanta magazine 50p. Details: Tel. 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: s.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities Sunday 24 April 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting. 'Life, Sleep, Death'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. 01-828 8665. Evgs 7.30 Sat Mat 2.30.
LAST 3 WEEKS – MUST END 7 MAY
WAYNE SLEEP
'The most exciting dancer in the world' with his record-breaking show –
DASH
'Outrageously funny' D. Tel.
Save £4 on a family 4-seater package of 2 adults & 2 children on Sat Mats. (selected seats only)
Group sales 01-379 6061. Party bkgs 01-828 6188.
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT DOORS
'Dash to it' D. Express.

Mon. 16 May for 19 Perfs
(No Perf 23, 30 May) Evgs 8 p.m.
LIZA MINNELLI
cc 01-834 6177

TOPOL
in
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
Opens 28 June for 96 Perfs Only
01-834 6177

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24hr info 01-628 2295. Few day seats £4 from 10 a.m.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'THE ROARING GIRL' by Middleton & Dekker 21-26, 29 30 April. 'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' 27-28 April. 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING' from 5 May. THE PIT - 'THE BODY' new play by Nick Darke 22-23 April, 29-30 April.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 'A Map of the World', Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Kick for Touch', 'One Woman Plays' (not suitable for children). See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines). CC. *Group sales 01-379 6061. The Wells' Stagecoach.* Phone B.O. for details.
26 April eves 7.30 SANKAY JUKA 'SPRING INTO DANCE'. Phone 01-278 0855 (24 hours) for details of amazing cheap ticket offers!

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.

Concerts

QUILAPAYUN IN CONCERT FOR CHILE Solidarity Campaign. **PORTSMOUTH** 29 April, Guild Hall, (0705) 824355. **LONDON** with **BOYS OF THE LOUGH,** 1 May, Dominion Theatre, 01-580 9562. **BRISTOL** 3 *May. University Victoria Rooms.* **SHEFFIELD** 4 May, City Hall (0742) 735296. All tour details and tickets for London concert from C.S.C., 129 Seven Sisters Road, London N7, 01-272 4296.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF LABOUR HISTORY

Spring Conference

BRITISH LABOUR AND THE SOVIET UNION

Speakers include:

John Saville – The impact of 1917. **Martin Durham** – Communists in the 1920s. **Van Gore** – Ouvrierism and the USSR. **Steve Parsons** – 1956 and the CPGB.

SATURDAY, 14 MAY – BIRKBECK COLLEGE, LONDON
ALL WELCOME – 9.30 am-5 pm

Further details: **John Field, Northern College, Barnsley, South Yorkshire.**

Personal

ANALYTISCH ORIENTIERTE PSYCHOTHERAPIE von Deutscher in London niedergelassener Therapeutin. 01-888 0693.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, *rambles*, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ANXIOUS ABOUT privacy? Mail received, personal or business, with total confidentiality. £1.50 p.w. 'Answer & Receive', 21 Kensington Park Road, London W11. *01-229 1888 (you can collect, or we can readdress by arrangement).*

BACHELOR, 45, lives alone own house, pleasant London suburb Harrow Hill; interested in Lesbianism. Understanding young woman sought. Box 5857.

COTSWOLDS, DORSET. Male linguist, 51, divorced, hoping to retire to one of above areas. Seeks contact non-smokers: interested gardens, history folklore, opera, food, wine. Box 5845.

CULTURED, HUMOROUS, intelligent, attractive female, 32, interested in music, literature, cinema, theatre and politics, would like a male counterpart to share it all with. London. Box 5760.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DIVORCED MALE, seeks petite female, under 50, interested orchestral concerts, opera, theatre. Box 5853.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

EASTER BUNNY (mature, warm, feminine, intelligent, cultured) seeks White Rabbit (available, intellectual, masculine, professional, non-smoker), for Spring gambol, Summer madness and Winter warmth. Box 5850.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

EXTREMELY QUIET, gentle, impecunious scholar, 48, seeks quiet, small (partially?) furnished flat, anywhere; perhaps in exchange for caretaking etc. Write Keller, 5 Blessington Close, SE13.

HUXLEY'S SAVAGE is 30 and lives south of Edinburgh. Needs woman to help plan resistance. Box 5851.

INTELLIGENT MALE, 30s, west of London, own house/car, classical music and opera lover, warm, *romantic nature. Seeks attractive lady for permanent,* loving relationship, sharing all. Box 5820.

INVESTORS (£25 upwards) are needed for a professional anti-nuclear play to be staged in a major central London fringe theatre this June. Reviews, budget and terms from Box 5858.

INTERESTING, WARM-hearted male, 47, based London SW1, seeks attractive female, 30-45. Box 5836.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

LEFTISH BLOKE, early thirties, separated, enjoys real ale, the arts, football, gardening, non-smoker, wants to meet female. Box 5846.

LONELY? Why not join London's Friendliest Singles Club, making new friends of all ages? City Circle. 01-914 2098 *(9 a.m.-6 p.m.).*

MALE GRADUATE, 33, bisexual, gentle, slim, interests include poetry, classical music, meditation, part-time vegetarian, dislikes gender roles, seeks sincere female for caring relationship. Box 5839.

NICE WOMAN, 52, non-driver, seeks companion budget holiday France. Enjoys art, scenery, picnics, pottering. Share expenses. Box 5852.

PERSONAL STATIONERY. 100 printed letter heads, 100 plain, 100 envelopes. Black type on white bond paper (A5 size) only £9.90 inclusive. Send your details with remittance to: Deltaprint, (NS), FREEPOST, *Romiley, Stockport, Cheshire, SK6 3YB. Tel:* 061-427 4706.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 50s, Bedford, compassionate, challenging, positive, discriminating, flexible, independent, companionable, fun, seeks similar sociable, caring, intelligent man. Box 5833.

SCANDINAVIA'S LEADING correspondence magazine read in 100 countries, £2.50. Penfriends (NS), 45 Sandringham Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3RZ.

SINCERE MAN seeks female, 30-50, explore future, friendship, relaxing conversation, affection, kindness. Box 5848.

SOUTH LONDON based female graduate, 40, son 8, seeks nice man's company. Box 5854.

TALL, SLIM, attractive, professional divorcee, 35. *Interests – outdoors, sport, politics, eating, travel,* people. Seeks similar intelligent male, warm, affectionate, sense of humour/fun, lasting relationship, 35-45, Birmingham/West Midlands. Box 5765.

THE TYRO (18-30) Club. If you're interested in making new friends and enjoying an active social life, *join our new and exciting Singles Club. 01-914 2098* (9 a.m.-6 p.m.).

WIDOW, 52, independent, sometimes lonely, seeks new lease of life, with similar man, for occasional outings. London area. Box 5856.

WOMAN GRADUATE, 41, affectionate, romantic, humorous, interests: theatre, cinema, music etc., seeks tall, non-smoking, caring man, to share life with fun. S. London. Box 5855.

YOUNG MAN, 25, warm friendly and sincere, seeks female relationship. Please write Box 5849.

CLASSIFIED AD FORM

Private ads under 'Personal' cost £1.60 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.20). All other ads £1.70 per 6 words (min. 12 words – £3.40). Box Nos. £2.

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